


TIME

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Moderation

OLYMPIC TURMOIL

Why the Soviets Said Nyet





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OLYMPICS: Moscow leads a boycott 14 against the Los Angeles Summer Games

Once again the Olympics are seared by political animosity, as the Soviets decide to keep their team at home and pressure their allies to follow suit. ▶ The exaggerations and realities behind the sorry state of U.S.-Soviet relations. ▶ For athletes on both sides of the Iron Curtain, default is the ultimate agony. ▶ Assessing the risks for the capitalists with a stake in the suddenly devalued Games.



NATION: No knockout as the Democratic bout enters its final rounds 36

Hart's victories in two important primaries oblige Mondale to fight for the nomination to the bitter end. ▶ Makers of Agent Orange agree to pay Viet Nam veterans the largest mass damage settlement in history. ▶ A federal court rules that 1950s nuclear tests caused cancer—and the Government is responsible. ▶ The lurid mysteries of a murdered mistress.



WORLD: Salvadorans elect a moderate, 54 and Reagan wins narrowly in Congress

José Napoleón Duarte's decisive victory eases the way for House approval of the Administration's request for military aid, but many wonder if the new President will be able to curb his country's notorious death squads. ▶ Libya's Gaddafi survives an audacious attack. ▶ Three years of Socialism leave a distinct imprint on French life. ▶ Tom-toms and plumed warriors welcome John Paul II.



74 Economy & Business

Feldstein departs amid attacks on the Federal Reserve. ▶ Running the IMF with a velvet glove and an iron fist. ▶ Cutting phone rates.

92 Space

Thousands of pieces of refuse from missions of the past clutter the solar system, posing a hazard for future orbital flights.

82 Cinema

Caroming from thrill to giggle to chase, *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* promises to be this summer's incendiary hit.

94 Art

A show at London's Tate Gallery displays the triumph of those didactic 19th century English reformers, the Pre-Raphaelites.

85 Music

What lasts twelve hours, costs millions and involves performers from six countries? Robert Wilson's epic, *the CIVIL war*.

96 Video

Prime-time series are ending their seasons with cliffhangers as the networks try to keep viewers dangling until next fall.

86 Press

A secretly taped interview is the new "smoking gun" in a bitter dispute between CBS and General Westmoreland.

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87 Books

Gore Vidal's famous wit and irony desert him in the historical underview *Lincoln*. ▶ *Summer in the City* gives Yuppies a voice.

Cover:

Illustration by
Doug Johnson



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NYNEX

Tough demands breed tough minds.

A Letter from the Publisher

"To say that the news of the Soviet withdrawal from the Summer Olympics deflated our Los Angeles staff would be a considerable understatement," says Bureau Chief Benjamin Cate. "Like the athletes training to compete for the medals, we have been preparing our coverage for more than a year: beats were assigned, sources developed and operational plans drawn."

Cate heard the unhappy announcement on cable TV last Tuesday morning while he was at home downing a glass of Instant Breakfast. As he made ready to redeploy the bureau's staff, TIME correspondents and stringers around the world were also responding, including those in Washington, Colorado Springs, Geneva and Eastern Europe. At the heart of the controversy, Moscow Bureau Chief Erik Amfitheatrof was surprised to find the issue being down-played to the point of invisibility. Notes he: "A story that was Page One everywhere else was on the last page of Pravda."

In California, where the story was very big news, Correspondent Steven Holmes, who has reported on the operations of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee for ten months, canvassed its headquarters seeking reactions from committee members and President Peter Ueberroth. Joseph Kane handled the security implications, William Blaylock the effect on Olympic sponsors and licensees, and Russell Leavitt



Correspondent Ludtke takes a morning jog

the repercussions for commercial television. Correspondent Melissa Ludtke talked to Olympic contestants and heard in their voices "both an empathy with the Soviet athletes and an exasperation that U.S. performers had once again been robbed of the opportunity to test themselves against the best in Olympic competition."

Ludtke is a recent migrant to the West Coast from New York City, where she reported for TIME on subjects as diverse as babies, heart disease and the forged Hitler diaries. Her involvement with sports has been lifelong. She rowed competitively for Wellesley (as

did her grandmother from 1903 to 1907), was a reporter for 4½ years at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, and while at TIME held down second base for the magazine's softball team. In Los Angeles, she finds "the ease and proximity of doing sports remarkable. Facilities are so close and the weather almost always so cooperative that the intention can be turned into action in seconds."

Ludtke, Holmes and Cate, all onetime New Yorkers, got together for a head-clearing jog one morning last week. Said Cate of the short surcease from the trials of a late-starting cover story: "It produced a different kind of sweat, but it felt great."

John A. Meyers

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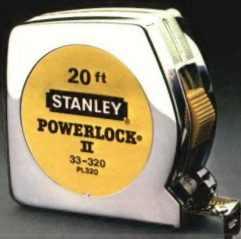
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LISTEN FOR IT!

China Ho!

To the Editors:

As we saw during President Reagan's trip to China (WORLD, April 30), that country's accommodation of capitalist ideas is creating a structure as precious and fragile as a Ming vase. How can we not feel a sense of pride at seeing the basic tenets of our way of life being vindicated once again?

David N. Thor
Marilla, N.Y.

If the modernization of the People's Republic of China develops successfully, it will be a repeat of the Japanese economic miracle, but magnified at least a thousand times.

Monroe Leung
Beverly Hills, Calif.



The U.S. press may believe that Americans are amused by looking at pictures of smiling Oriental children, Chinese "couples in love" and adorable panda bears. But one important fact is left out: the people are kept under a rigid, totalitarian regime that talks peace, understanding and freedom, but is as militaristic, ruthless and restrictive as the government in Moscow.

Glenn P. Naidoo
Freeport, N.Y.

As a former exchange student in China, I believe you captured much of the spirit of China's rapidly changing society. However, you failed to mention the regime's policy of religious freedom, which since 1978 has permitted China's 7 million Christians to pack their churches every Sunday.

Steve Baughman
Santa Barbara, Calif.

While there is evidence that China is beginning to adopt some precepts of capitalism, let us not forget that in the past eight months, during China's "purification campaign," more than 2,000 Chinese Christians have been arrested and three

Letters

have been executed. Inhumanity continues to be very much the way of life in the People's Republic of China.

(The Rev.) Jeffrey A. Collins
Executive Director
Christian Response International
Rockville, Md.

Daily Best

In judging the ten best daily newspapers (PRESS, April 30), TIME should use only one criterion: How well does that paper serve its community? It does not matter whether the area numbers 500 or 1 million. In fact, the most responsible and probably the best journalism has been practiced in this nation's suburbs and small towns. We have to face our readers every day. It would do wonders for the editors of the media giants, including TIME, to meet their subjects and their subscribers in the coffee shop after their publication hits the streets.

Joseph C. Linnertz, Former Publisher
The McHenry County Journal-Register
Velva, N. Dak.

While liberals love the Boston *Globe*, others think it is more like the smoking habit. You know it is bad for you, but you cannot give it up. Two Boston papers are superior: the *Herald*, with better columnists and editorials, and the *Christian Science Monitor*, which ranks higher overall.

Mark T. Reeder
Boston

Having been subject to the Des Moines *Register* for some seven years, I say that if the *Register* is in the top ten, print journalism is very nearly extinct.

Thomas D. Steedle
Des Moines

I was pleased to see the Miami *Herald* rated as one of the ten best U.S. dailies. I left the paper when I was in the area recently. I loved it. I miss it.

Arebelle T. Gamache
Gladstone, Mich.

Press Prizes

TIME's story on the 1984 Pulitzer Prizes (PRESS, April 30) was in nearly all respects a model of concise and accurate reporting. It did, however, reflect a common misconception when it stated that the Pulitzer Prize board "overruled several jury choices" this year. The reality is that it is not the function of the three- to five-person juries that deal with each of the 19 Pulitzer Prize categories to choose the actual winners. The juries' role is to winnow through the enormous number of entries and select in each category three finalists, any one of which the jury for that category would be content to see the winner. The jury may also indicate a preference among the three candidates it nominates. This year the prize board chose from among the finalists in all but two

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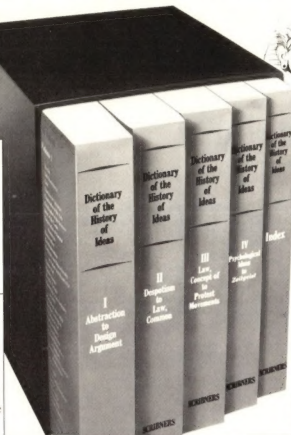


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The court expresses no opinion as to the merit or lack of merit of the lawsuit.

For details about your rights in this "Agent Orange" class action lawsuit, call 1-800-645-1355 if you are outside of New York State, or call 1-800-832-1303 if you are within New York State, or write Clerk of the Court, P.O. Box 887, Smithtown, New York 11787.

Robert C. Heinemann
Clerk, United States
District Court
for the Eastern
District of
New York

DATED: Brooklyn, New York
January 12, 1984

Letters

categories, which reflects a remarkable degree of respect on the board's part for the judgment of the juries.

Robert C. Christopher, Administrator
The Pulitzer Prizes
New York City

Illinois Race

You bet the Paul Simon-Charles Percy Illinois Senate race [NATION, April 30] is worth watching. In the end it may boil down to a test of style vs. substance. As you suggest, some may know Democratic Candidate Paul Simon for his trademark bow ties. But his colleagues in Congress know him as the author of more bills passed this session than any other House member. My bet is on the workhorse, not the showhorse.

Morris K. Udall, U.S. Representative
2nd District, Arizona
Washington, D.C.

Haig's History

Your excerpts of Alexander Haig's memoirs dealing with the Malvinas war [SPECIAL SECTION, April 9] are startling. General Haig claims that Argentina was intransigent and that I was "hardening the Argentine position and making resolution impossible." However, during that same period when he was in Buenos Aires, Haig told us that President Reagan and others in Washington had found no intransigence in Buenos Aires, but rather had perceived a serious effort on Argentina's part toward solving the problem.

Further, Haig claims that after agreeing to conditions that would bring about a cessation of hostilities in the Malvinas, I then put forth a tougher Argentine position. "Once again," he says, "in an exercise of bad faith unique in my experience as a negotiator, the Argentines had gone back on their word and returned to their original, impossible terms." It should be known that two days after this incident, Haig wrote me stating, "The paper developed in Buenos Aires has not been rejected by Britain. Some modification is inevitable. But I continue to believe that it is the right framework in which to seek a solution." Haig alleges that Argentina negotiated in bad faith. We have strong doubts about his own good faith.

Nicanor Costa Mendez
Former Foreign Minister of Argentina
Buenos Aires

General Haig stands by his history of the events that occurred during the Falklands crisis.

In the first installment of excerpts from *Caveat* [SPECIAL SECTION, April 2], General Haig relates a conversation he had with me in January 1981 while I was the Mexican Ambassador to the United States. Haig says I suggested that Mexico arrange for conversations between the U.S. and the Salvadoran rebels. This is true, and Haig vehemently refused my

proposal. But then he quotes me as saying, "For years I have been waiting for an American to speak words such as these. Tonight I will go home and sleep well." As a supporter of negotiated settlements, I condemn Haig's aggressive attitude, and further, I never told him I would sleep well. On the contrary, Haig's approach would give anybody a nightmare.

Hugo B. Margain, Senator
Former Ambassador of Mexico to the U.S.
Mexico City

TIME errs in its introduction to the Haig excerpts by stating that "not since another Secretary of State, James Byrnes, assailed Harry Truman's foreign policy in 1947 in his memoir, *Speaking Frankly*, has a senior Cabinet member published such an attack on a sitting Administration." I assisted Byrnes in writing the book. It is, on the contrary, an exposition and defense of the Truman policy before, as well as during, Byrnes' tenure as Secretary of State. Indeed, President Truman's cooperation was responsible for one of the most important sections of the book, on the communications between President Roosevelt and Marshal Stalin revealing the deterioration in relations that set in almost immediately after the Yalta Conference. Whatever critical statements can be traced either to Truman or to Byrnes surfaced much later and were definitely not part of *Speaking Frankly*.

Porter McKeever
New York City

Iranian Torture

Your article "Torture: a Worldwide Epidemic" [WORLD, April 16] makes two references to my country, which has been subjected to a campaign by the Western press to tarnish its image and reputation. In Iran, stoning is not a form of torture but a punishment officially sanctioned by Iran's new penal code based on the holy Koran and Islamic Sharia. It is not used against political offenders but against ordinary criminals guilty of serious offenses like adultery and pederasty.

In addition, the photo of an Iranian woman, showing her scars from torture with broken glass, is a fake. There is no evidence that the wounds were inflicted while the woman was in prison, nor do you give her name, age, place of detention or political affiliation. A *monafeghin* (hypocrites) organization [referring to an anti-Khomeini guerrilla group], which has obviously put this false picture at your disposal, is trying to cover up its crimes in Iran, even though its efforts are doomed.

Abbas Rahimi Nejad, Director General
Foreign Press Department
Tehran

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American Scene

In a U.S. School: A Homecoming

The 30 alumni and alumnae of Brent School, in the Philippine mountain city of Baguio, were in for some cultural shocks. Having traveled 7,000 or 8,000 miles to celebrate the 75th anniversary of a school most of them had not seen for more than 40 years, they found something quite different from the tight little American island they had once known.

The old buildings were still there, still painted cream and green, and pine trees still cover much of the campus. But new buildings accommodate a student body that has more than tripled in size. More than 50 of the students and many of the faculty and staff are Filipinos, a radical departure from the past. Once a week, as required by national law, the entire student body lines up to witness the raising of the Philippine flag and to sing in Tagalog the national anthem, *Pambansang Awit*.

At an anniversary performance in the school gym, half the musical program consisted of Philippine songs and dances. At the dedication of the new media center, the guest speaker was the Philippine Minister of Education. Responding to him, Headmaster Peter Caleb said, "We are proud to be part of the Republic of the Philippines." This would never have been said 40 years ago—and only partly because the Republic did not then exist. Although Brent students felt affection for the Filipino houseboys and, indeed, the Filipino people, no one dreamed that any of them might actually enroll. This was an American school in the Philippines, not a Philippine school.

The old school was the most determinedly American institution the alumni had ever known. Founded by the Episcopal Church in 1909, it had not accepted Filipino students before World War II, and no Filipinos were on its faculty. Americans may have prided themselves on a benign colonial policy, but not that benign. Almost all the 100 students used to be Americans, the sons and daughters of Army and Navy officers. Government officials and businessmen who had somehow landed in the Philippines.

Philippine influences on the school were few. Filipino cooks and houseboys took care of the 40 boarders, the school played some Filipino teams in basketball and baseball, and a few native items occasionally invaded the staunchly American menu. Mangoes were popular. *Pechay*, the odorous Philippine cabbage, was despised. But because students, under the eye of a faculty member at each table, were expected to eat everything on their plates, it was difficult to avoid. One boy, more imaginative and more opposed to *pechay* than most, went to unusual lengths. Learning that *pechay* was on the night's menu, he took a hair from the

longest-haired girl in school, worked it into his plate while the teacher was not looking and then pretended to discover it. "Look at this, sir!" he announced, grasping the end of the hair and then slowly and endlessly drawing it out of the hated vegetable. That night his entire table was excused from having to eat *pechay*.

But otherwise, Brent School was irrepressibly American. Students and faculty dressed American, talked and thought American. Although the school was coed, it was so rigorously chaperoned that the closest sexual contact was the dances in the living room of the girls' dorm, where the music was Artie Shaw and Glenn Miller. Virtually the only entertainment that they did not provide for themselves was to walk into Baguio once a week to see an American movie. Because they were isolated and totally dependent upon one another, they shared everything, including an innocent and trustful patriotism.

In the summer of 1941 the last graduating class, consisting of two boys and five girls, listened to a commencement address by the U.S. High Commissioner of the Philippines. Six months after this ceremony, the Japanese army invaded the Philippines, and Brent School ceased to exist. Most of its students spent the long war in internment camps.

Six weeks ago, 43 years after graduation, four of the seven members of the class of '41 were back at school. Along with the other alumni, they had traveled at considerable expense from the U.S. to a country that is not, at the moment, high on anybody's list of tourist attractions. All were drawn by some indelible imprint.

When the alumni began the reunion ritual of photographing one another, ancient images returned. The remnants of each class posed for portraits. The complete starting lineup of Brent's best basketball team (15-3) turned out to be pres-

Graves, third from right, top row, at recent reunion and, bottom left, with graduates in 1941

REUTERS



ent for a picture. So did the three original inhabitants of the "toddler dorm," the home of the youngest boarding students.

The alumni learned that Headmaster Caleb is vigorously restoring the school to academic excellence and is also restoring some of its old traditions. In the dining room, faculty members rotate from table to table every two weeks so that each teacher gets to know each boarding student. Birthdays are once again celebrated with a rectangular cake that the student himself cuts, handing out the four corners to his closest friends. But there was nothing Caleb could do about the "lucky tree" that the basketball team used to touch on its way to every game. The Japanese army had cut it down.

Al through the week of intense recollection, the alumni kept asking one another what made this school and this bond so special—special enough for all of them to have kept in touch with one another over so many years, special enough to bring them back together from such distances for this occasion.

The answers are not a bad prescription for present-day educators, parents and, especially, students to bear in mind:

"Brent was special because of how we treated one another and cared about one another. We were away from our parents. This was our family."

"Everybody was made to feel part of it. It's been with me all my life. When my daughter, who knows my singing, learned that I had been in the choir, she said, 'They must have let you in everything.'"

"My friends think it's wonderful that anyone my age could be so excited about a high school reunion. The difference is that we all knew one another so well. We saw everybody every day."

"I won four letters in basketball and four in baseball. In the U.S., I wouldn't even have made the team."

"Each of us was needed. We couldn't field a team, couldn't put on a play, couldn't do anything unless every one of us participated. To be really needed when you are so young is very rare."

"If you are an American and make a friend abroad, the bond is tenfold stronger than with a friend made at home. Add to that the climactic experience of the war bringing it all to an end, and it has left a bond stronger than any I have ever seen."

On their last day at Brent, three alumni teetering on the edge of 60 set off to find Senior Cave. This had been a modest hillside hole, concealed from the faculty by distance and foliage, where as boys they once spent many afternoons smoking cigarettes and drinking, for want of wisdom, cherry brandy. The day was warm, the hill steep, the pine-needle footing slippery, and the men were all overweight. They could not find their cave, which, like their youth, had vanished under more than 40 years of erosion. But as the three Americans, puffing and sweating, clambered back up the steep Philippine hillside, they knew they had shared the pleasure of searching for it. —By Ralph Graves

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Olympics

TIME/MAY 21, 1984

COVER STORIES

A Soviet Nyet To the Games

Anger and vengefulness spur an Olympic pullout



The Olympic flame, kindled at the ruins of Olympia in Greece, arrived in New York

City twelve hours later aboard a U.S. Air Force jet. It was a dispiriting day for pagantry: raw, windy, drizzly. But as runners started the torch on its zigzag, 15,000-kilometer journey across 33 of the 50 American states, the dark skies seemed only to intensify the symbolic glow. The second runner, 91-year-old Abel Kiviat, silver medalist in the 1,500-meter race in the 1912 Olympics, had no inkling that anything was amiss as he ended his appointed kilometer; he lit the torch of twelve-year-old Timothy Towers, who had won the honor in a raffle, and urged, "Carry on." But as the 22nd runner, Nicole Zell, age 13, started her kilometer outside city hall in Manhattan shortly after noon, word crackled over radios in the sparse crowd that the Olympics were once more being seared by political animosity. Moscow had just announced that when the last torchbearer carries the flame into the Los Angeles Coliseum on July 28 and President Reagan officially declares the XXIII Olympic Games in the modern series to be open, no athletes from the U.S.S.R. will be there to compete.

Nor will the superb runners and swimmers from East Germany, one of the world's top three athletic powers, judged by medals won in past Olympics. Nor any athletes from Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Laos, Mongolia or Viet Nam. Almost certainly, the Poles and Hungarians will stay home, though nothing is official yet; the Cubans are probable no-shows too. The Soviets obviously have carefully orchestrated the boycott, with one satellite after another falling into line, often a day apart. "We are going to be receiving a one-a-day bitter pill for some time," predicts Peter Ueberroth, president of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee (L.A.O.O.C.). He also fears that the Kremlin leaders will try to extend the boycott "far beyond the normal Soviet bloc countries."

ly is simple revenge, tit for tat. The U.S. led 36 nations in boycotting the 1980 Olympics, held in Moscow, as a protest against the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in December 1979. Though that pullout was widely dismissed in the West as a futile gesture, it hurt the Soviets' pride more than many Americans ever realized. It also dashed their hopes of putting on a spectacular show that would advertise Soviet athletic and organizational achievements to a television audience around the world. The Kremlin's leaders are widely believed to have been itching to pay Washington back in the same coin.

But there probably are other reasons, and one in particular with ramifications far beyond the world of athletics. The Soviet boycott is of a piece with the Kremlin's walkout from the nuclear arms-control talks in Geneva, its rejection of a U.S. offer to conclude a new agreement banning chemical warfare, and its spurning of overtures even to establish new consulates in New York and Kiev. All dramatize Moscow's frequent insistence that it sees no hope of concluding agreements with the Reagan Administration in any way, shape or form. By pulling out of the Olympics, says one U.S. State Department official, "the Soviets are saying they are so angry they won't even play games with us any more." In a conversation with TIME, a highly placed Soviet official made essentially the same point with remarkable candor. Said he: "Now the whole world

will understand the Soviet government will do what it says it will. The first signal we sent was when we left the Geneva talks last fall. This is the second."

That, to be sure, was not what Moscow said on the record. The official statement from the Soviet Olympic Committee, announced to the world on Tuesday morning by the news agency TASS, stressed the theme that Soviet athletes in

Los Angeles would be going into a hostile environment and implied they might even be physically attacked. "Chauvinistic sentiments and anti-Soviet hysteria are being whipped up" in the U.S., said the statement, "with direct connivance of the American authorities [who do] not intend to ensure the security of all sportsmen" (see box).

The statement was mostly nonsense. Soviet officials scouting Olympic preparations in Los Angeles last winter spurned at least one briefing offered by Los Angeles Police Chief Daryl Gates on the extensive measures the city and Federal Government are in



Why? One reason undoubtedly: **Prelude to revenge: the L.A. and Soviet flags at the 1980 Olympics**



fact taking to safeguard athletes and spectators at the Games. But the announcement by TASS did give a clue to at least a subsidiary motive for the Soviet boycott. "Security," in Kremlin terms, includes protection against embarrassment, and Moscow's leaders were concerned that anti-Soviet demonstrations in Los Angeles and even possible defections of athletes would be shown on worldwide TV.

The U.S., of course, neither can nor should give any guarantees against demonstrations or defections. To answer any legitimate Soviet worries, however, Ueberroth and Juan Antonio Samaranch, the Spanish diplomat who heads the International Olympic Committee, flew from the Manhattan torch-carrying ceremony to Washington for a prearranged meeting with Ronald Reagan. It was already too late: even as they waited at New York City's La Guardia Airport for their chartered jet, they got the first indication of an actual Soviet pullout, news that was confirmed when they reached Washington. None-

theless, they received from the President a letter pledging strict U.S. adherence to Olympic ideals. Reagan states in his letter to Samaranch: "I have instructed agencies of the Federal Government to cooperate fully with Olympic and local officials to ensure the safety of all participants . . . The U.S. is totally committed to upholding the charter and fulfilling its responsibilities as the host nation of the

Westward bound: the torch passing through Rhode Island on its zigzag journey

Games." Samaranch hopes to convey the letter to Moscow this week, if he can get a requested appointment with Soviet President Konstantin Chernenko.

Chances that the letter, or anything else, will change the Soviets' minds before the June 2 deadline for an irrevocable decision seem about as minuscule as the chances of a 31-ft. long jump.* To the contrary, the rumor in both sports and diplomatic circles last week was that the Kremlin would try to organize a rival competition—a sort of Communist Olympics—some time this summer.

Competing games, of course, would further dim the symbolic flame of the official Olympics. That flame already is flickering low in the political winds that have been gusting for at least the past dozen years. The Los Angeles Games will be the fifth in a row marred by politics. The unhappy

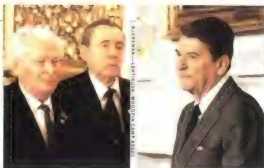
*The world record, set by Bob Beamon of the U.S. in the thin air of Mexico City at the 1968 Olympics, is 29 ft. 2½ in.



After the shock: Samaranch and Ueberroth at the White House

sequence began with riots outside and a black-power salute by U.S. athletes inside the 1968 Games in Mexico City and the massacre of Israeli athletes by Palestinian terrorists at the 1972 Games in Munich. It continued in 1976 with the boycott at the Olympiad in Montreal by black African nations that had unsuccessfully tried to get New Zealand expelled because one of its rugby teams had toured South Africa (which was barred from the Olympics after the 1960 Games because of its apartheid policies).

In Los Angeles, the announcement of the Soviet pullout from this summer's Games hit with earthquake force. Many of the 1,200 employees of the L.A.O.O.C. heard the news on car radios as they pulled into parking spaces at the headquarters building, a former Hughes helicopter plant nicknamed "the hangar." Inside, they were ordered not to discuss the situation with anyone and no outsiders were allowed in the building unless



Chernenko and Gromyko

Reagan after hearing news

they had previous appointments. Mayor Thomas Bradley, speaking by phone from New York, where he too was attending the torch-carrying ceremony, pronounced himself "bitterly disappointed." He and other officials repeatedly stressed the wan hope that the Soviets could be persuaded to reconsider. Bradley hinted that he might undertake a mission to Moscow. The dominant reaction, however, was that, Soviets or no Soviets, the Games

would go on. Said L.A.O.O.C. Executive Vice President Harry Usher, speaking to employees in the hangar late in the day: "These Games not only will happen, but will happen with taste and style and will be something that everyone will be proud of."

Nonetheless, the absence from the Los Angeles Olympics of such Soviet world-record holders as Pole Vaulter Sergei Bubka, High Jumper Tamara Bykova and Swimmer Vladimir Salnikov, and of the East German athletes who have come

close to dominating women's track and field, will greatly diminish the luster of many events (see following story). True, the rivalry will be broader than in the 1980 Olympics, which drew athletes from only 81 nations to Moscow. Attendance at Los Angeles might equal, or even surpass, the high of 122 countries represented at the 1972 Games in Munich—though much depends on whether the black African nations boycott again (they are incensed because Zola Budd, a fleet middle-distance runner and native South African, may be allowed to compete as a British citizen). But, like the Soviet athletes who garnered the superficially staggering total of 197 gold, silver or bronze medals in the 1980 Summer Olympics, the winners in Los Angeles will be unable to boast that their feats were achieved against the toughest competition the world has to offer.

Will any Olympic athletes be able to make that boast again?

Now that the precedent has been set, confirmed and intensified, worriers ask, can any host city be found that some group of nations might not want to boycott? Seoul, South Korea, already chosen by the International Olympic Committee (I.O.C.) as the site of the 1988 Summer Games, certainly would seem to offer a tempting target if East-West political tensions do not ease; it is the capital of a nation that the Soviet Union and many other Communist countries do not recognize. And will world-class athletes be willing to undergo the grueling four-year grind of training for the Olympics, if they face a constant threat of having their chance to compete taken away at the last moment?

Immediately after the Soviet announcement, Greece renewed a suggestion first made in 1980 to be the host of the Games every four years, as it did for more than 1,000 years that ended in A. D. 393. But Samaranch and other international Olympic officials cling to the idea of rotating the Games around the world. In any case, Greece, as a member of NATO, might not be considered a totally neutral site. Some athletes speculate about breaking up future Games by holding, say, track-and-field events in one country and swimming races in another.

Such prospects depress the legions of ardent sports buffs in the Soviet bloc: quite as much as fans in neutral and Western



Soviet Olympic Committee Chairman Marat Granov: A competing set of Communist games?



U.S. Olympic Director F. Don Miller: Does the U.S.S.R. want a guarantee against defections?

To the U.S., 100 helicopters seem enough, but they cannot match "security" in Moscow.

Olympics

nations, as the Kremlin leaders well realize. It is a measure of the political importance they attach to the Games, and the depth of their anger with the U.S., that they knowingly took a step sure to stir deep unhappiness among their allies and their own people, as well as citizens of other countries who ordinarily pay little attention to international politics. In the Soviet Union, which has no professional sports as they are known in the West, the whole athletic system is geared to winning Olympic medals. In East Germany, which had been touted to win as many as eight golds in women's track-and-field events alone this summer, the production of world-class athletes by rigorous government-sponsored training programs is a source not just of pride but of something close to national identity.

The Soviet leaders did what they could do to cushion the blow. The controlled press in the U.S.S.R. for months has been running lurid depictions of Los Angeles as a sinkhole of smog, drugs and pornography, and has even been warning that Soviet Olympic athletes might be kidnaped there. The announcement of the actual pullout from the Games was carefully timed to coincide less with the arrival of the Olympic flame in New York than with the Soviet national holiday celebrating victory over Nazi Germany in World War II. And then it was heavily downplayed—a short story on the back page of *Pravda*, a brief mention close to the end of the main nightly newscast—in the apparent hope that it would be, at least momentarily, overlooked in a burst of patriotic fervor.

Nonetheless, Muscovites approached by Western journalists guardedly expressed regret and, at times, disbelief: "Come on, it's a capitalist joke," said one to a Western correspondent who phoned with the news.

Members of a Soviet gymnastics team touring Brazil spoke more candidly than their fellow athletes back home. Said Alexander Ditiatin, winner of a record eight medals at the 1980 Olympics: "I hope it's not true. After all, we have been preparing ourselves for such a long time, and all that work can't be thrown away."

Soviet allies appeared to be caught by surprise. Well ahead of the June 2 deadline, Hungary had already officially accepted an invitation to the Olympics and presumably will have to reverse itself. Polish newspapers were printing detailed analyses of the prospects of Polish athletes in Los Angeles (that had to be hastily discarded. An East German official in Switzerland explained his country's participation in the boycott in the bluntest terms. Said he: "We are politically too de-

pendent on the Soviet Union to envision any other decision."

Communists who are on the outs with Moscow or who at least make a show of independence hastened to buck the Kremlin. Rumania was the only Warsaw Pact nation to pass word that its athletes would compete in the Olympics. China indicated it would participate too. The Chinese and Soviets currently are more annoyed with each other than usual. Moscow is miffed at the cordial reception Peking accorded Reagan on his recent tour. The Chinese

headline in Australia's *Sydney Morning Herald*. The Reagan Administration and its other American allies replied that the "threat" of anti-Soviet demonstrations in Los Angeles cited by Moscow hardly compared in gravity with the invasion of Afghanistan that had triggered the U.S. action. British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, who vigorously supported the 1980 boycott (but could not persuade the British Olympic Association to go along), icily told left-wing members of Parliament that the situation then was "totally different from the conditions under which the Olympics are being held in Los Angeles."

This time around, the Soviets had no grievance even remotely approaching the magnitude of the Afghanistan invasion. As recently as late April, they seemed more ambivalent than distressed, alternating loud complaints about Olympic arrangements with expressions of hope that their athletes could attend. TASS went so far as to call an April 24 meeting of Soviet, American and international Olympic authorities in Lausanne, Switzerland, "a great step forward" in allaying Soviet concerns about visa requirements, customs inspections and the like. But TASS also noted that "problems" remained to be solved. Whether this was a calculated act to intensify suspense or a ploy to gain time while the decision was being debated in Moscow probably is known only to the Politburo. American officials, who admit they were surprised, incline to the latter view. Says one State Department official flatly: "We know the decision was taken only very recently."

Whenever the decision was made, what motivated it? In Moscow and the West, there are about as many theories as there are Kremlinologists, and it is likely that many of them hold at least some truth. Even athletic prospects could have played a role. In both Washington and Moscow there is speculation that Soviet Olympic Committee Chairman Marat Gramov surveyed the Soviet competitors, concluded that despite their prowess, they might not win quite so many medals as both Soviet citizens and Western sportsmen were expecting, and notified his political superiors of a possible embarrassment.

If that consideration entered into the debate at all, however, it was probably given relatively little weight. The dominant reasons for the boycott are thought to fall under three main headings:

SECURITY. To Americans, the precautions surrounding the Olympics appear more than adequate. The police departments in Los Angeles and surrounding communities plan to assign



Mary Decker of the U.S. wins in Helsinki as Soviet runner stumbles. One of the many rivalries that will not be renewed in Los Angeles.

are displeased because, at the very last minute, the Kremlin last week postponed a visit by Ivan Arkhipov, First Deputy Premier, who would have been the highest-ranking Soviet official received in Peking in 15 years. In the West, *L'Unità*, official organ of the Italian Communist Party, called the Soviet pullout "arbitrary." More surprising, Georges Marchais, leader of the French Communist Party, which is usually meekly obedient to Moscow, termed the boycott a "grave error."

The U.S. also took some lumps in world opinion, not because anyone outside the Soviet bloc believed Moscow's claim that athletes from the U.S.S.R. would be in danger from protesters in Los Angeles, but because some commentators blamed Washington for setting a bad example with its 1980 boycott. U.S. PAYS THE PRICE FOR POLITICIZING THE OLYMPICS proclaimed a banner

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16,000 officers to watch the athletes and spectators; in addition, 8,000 unarmed college students will be deputized to stand guard and summon the real police to any trouble spot. The FBI during the Olympics will increase its force of agents in the Los Angeles area from the usual 400 to 700. To the \$100 million that the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee proposes to spend on security, Congress has authorized the Defense Department to add \$50 million. The Pentagon will lend more than 100 helicopters and crews to local police forces to keep watch over the Games, and the L.A.O.O.C. will erect fences and sentry posts around the Olympic Villages where athletes will live. For further security Soviet Olympic officials and coaches would have slept on a ship anchored off Long Beach. The first major assignment of the Pentagon's newly organized hostage rescue team, now training at Quantico, Va., will be to station itself in Orange County during the Olympics, ready to swing into

action alongside the Los Angeles Police Department's crack SWAT (special weapons and tactics) team if terrorists try anything at the Games.

But Soviet ideas of what constitutes "security," as measured by the steps they took at the 1980 Moscow Olympics, are far more grandiose. Recalls TIME Correspondent B.J. Phillips, who covered the Moscow Games: "You could not find a dissident, a drunk or a child under 18 on the streets of Moscow. All had been swept up for the greater image of Mother Russia. A phalanx of Soviet army soldiers, sitting so close that their shoulders brushed, filled the first row of seats at every Olympic event. A militiaman in gray uniform stood in the middle of every intersection in Moscow, even those miles from Olympic sites. That was the unobtrusive part of the security arrangements. Despite a thorough search in customs, despite the fact that accredited Olympic journalists are due many of the same waivers as athletes under

I.O.C. rules, our luggage was searched before we could even get to the front desk to register in the press hotel. The guards squeezed toothpaste tubes, dismantled cameras, unfolded clothes. And they would not let you leave the hotel—forget getting back in—unless you were carrying your credentials. After the ballet one night, I decided to see how far I could walk without someone materializing to stop me for inspection. My record was three-quarters of a block."

The Soviet leaders, of course, have sent their athletes to compete at Olympics in Munich, Montreal and other Western cities where no such police-state controls were in effect. Still, most experts agree that in the U.S. they feared being humiliated by demonstrations and defections. F. Don Miller, executive director of the U.S. Olympic Committee, speculates: "What they really want is a promise to hand over defectors." That concern might seem paranoid: Olympic athletes are

"We Were Responsible"

"When we began, everyone said we could not get the Soviet Union out," exults David Balsiger, national executive director of the Ban the Soviets Coalition. "But we did it against great odds. We were responsible for them dropping out." Balsiger is like the rain maker who, after a downpour happens along, claims credit for it. Nevertheless, the buzz and boister stirred up by his group seemed to give credence to the security concerns that the Soviets used as an excuse for staying home. Peter Ueberroth, president of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee, pulls no punches when he talks about Balsiger's organization. "I called them nutty," he said, referring to a remark made last month, "and didn't offer an apology. I would consider an apology if they rename their group the Coalition to Hurt Athletes or the Coalition to Play into the Hands of the Soviet Union."

Balsiger, 38, began his crusade last fall, after the Soviets shot down Korean Air Lines Flight 007. He claims 165 affiliate groups and organizations; he says that 35 of them insist on anonymity. Among the confederates listed by the coalition are a communications firm run by right-wing Publisher Richard Viguier and the Elderly Korean-American Association of Orange County. Balsiger's group planned to organize demonstrations near 100 Olympic sites and to distribute 500,000 leaflets. A small squadron of propaganda planes was to buzz the city, each pulling a banner having 5-ft.-high letters, with exhortations like STOP THE GENOCIDE IN AFGHANISTAN or REMEMBER KAL 007. The coalition planned to rent billboards to encourage Soviet defections ("Wish to defect? Telephone . . ."), and some 500 "safe houses" in the Los Angeles area were said to be ready to receive the defectors.

The Soviet press wondered why the U.S. Government declined to do what the Kremlin would not hesitate to do: simply dispatch the pesky protesters to some remote place for the duration of the Games. Indeed, many foreigners do not quite understand that U.S. civil liberties protections would rule out such a roundup of trouble makers. Soviet editorialists suggested an untoward affinity, even close links, between the L.A. protesters and the U.S. "ruling circles."

Last week the Reagan Administration emphatically denied any affiliation. Balsiger had dispatched several letters and Mailgrams to White House Deputy Chief of Staff Michael Deaver last winter, urging that the Administration discourage the Soviet Olympic contingent from attending; in early January Deaver sent back a standard, innocuous reply, explaining that "the U.S. will welcome athletes from all nations." The only other connection, almost as tenuous, was a speech last March in Los Angeles by Assistant Secretary of State Elliot Abrams to the Baltic-American Freedom League, a member of Balsiger's coalition.

Who is David Balsiger, and why does he hate the Soviets so? An Orange County advertising executive, he co-authored two improbable books (*The Lincoln Conspiracy* and *In Search of Noah's Ark*) that were made into movies by conservative Sunn Classic Pictures. In 1982 a California superior court ordered him to stop marketing securities without a license. He soon filed for bankruptcy, declaring debts of \$200,000. His view of the Soviet Union is downright demonic: he claims that in the course of a 1968 trip through the Soviet countryside, he was chased by a farmer with a pitchfork simply because he was an American. Although delighted that the Soviets are not coming to Los Angeles, Balsiger is a little rueful too. "We had hoped to help more than 200 people defect from the Eastern bloc to freedom here in the West."



Balsiger planned "safe houses" for defectors



A Baltic-American Freedom League poster

Olympics

young, intensely patriotic and highly privileged members of Soviet society—and they know that a defecting swimmer, say, could hardly earn as much cash in the West as a ballet dancer. No Soviet athlete has defected yet at an Olympiad. But Western experts note that if there were any defections, the KGB would take the rap. It would not be in a position to control the situation. Thus the KGB had a strong motive to argue against participation in the Los Angeles Olympics.

REVENGE. To many in the U.S., the boycott of the 1980 Olympics seemed a flat failure. The Soviets stayed in Afghanistan and the Games went on. Though such major nations as Canada, Japan and West Germany stayed away at Washington's urging, athletes from allied countries like Britain, France and Italy competed. The U.S. Olympic Committee's list of sympathizers that joined the boycott is studded with names like Bermuda and Fiji, scarcely powers in international sports.

Moscow, by common consent of diplomats and journalists who were there—and Soviet officials speaking frankly—saw it very differently. The Olympiad was by far the biggest and most prestigious worldwide gathering to which the Soviet regime had ever played host. It was to symbolize the U.S.S.R.'s emergence as a full-fledged, legitimate member of the world community of nations and to show off the glories of the new Soviet society. But the luster of the competition was dimmed, global TV audiences and headlines in the world press disappointingly small, visitors to Moscow fewer than expected.

The urge to give the Americans a black eye in return, Western experts agree, might not have prevailed had dealings with the U.S. generally improved. But with superpower relations as frosty as they are now, why not? Ueberroth notes that the Soviets seemed cooperative in discussing plans for the Los Angeles Games until the death of President Yuri Andropov in February, but after Konstantin Chernenko's accession to power, they started raising one complaint after another. Chernenko was a longtime crony of Leonid Brezhnev's, the Kremlin boss from 1964 until his death in 1982. And Brezhnev is widely believed to have felt personally affronted by the 1980 Olympic boycott.

Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko has a more recent reason for personal bitterness toward the U.S. As Moscow's chief international spokesman, he took the brunt of worldwide opprobrium after the Soviet Union shot down a Korean airliner late last summer, when he was due in

New York for a meeting of the United Nations General Assembly, local politicians refused to let him land at the area's commercial airports and Washington told him he would have to fly into a military field. Deeply offended, Gromyko called off the trip. Washington analysts believe he raised his increasingly influential voice in favor of a stick-it-to-the-Americans line during Politburo debates over the Olympics.

POLITICS. This, everyone agrees, is

as a means of bringing peace between the Greek city-states. And in those days, even if a war was going on, they called off the war in order to hold the Games. I wish we were still as civilized."

Reagan's aides see nothing the White House can or should legitimately do to cajole the Soviets into participating in the Olympics, and no political danger for the President if Moscow holds to its determination to stay out. There will, perhaps, be some small loss of prestige; Reagan will not get quite the glory out of opening the Games that he would have with the Soviets and their satellites on hand. But there is little way the Democrats could exploit an Olympics issue even if they wanted to, which most do not. Walter Mondale, the most likely Democratic nominee, is about the last person in the country other than Jimmy Carter who can complain about a boycott of the Olympics, since he was Vice President when Carter organized the one the U.S. led in 1980.

The Administration similarly doubts that the Soviet boycott seriously worsens the international climate. Its view is that the Kremlin leaders have been in a state of transition since Brezhnev's health began failing five years ago. Says one Administration adviser: "They have been poorly organized to make decisions involving important changes, so they just stick to the familiar," which primarily means raging at the U.S. Says another Reagan aide: "If they want to show pique, this [boycotting the Olympics] isn't a very dangerous way to do it."

Reagan's aides accept the idea that Moscow is signaling to the world a refusal to deal with the President. "That probably won't change until after the election," says one White House staffer. "Then they will have to reassess."

Maybe. But such comments are uncomfortably reminiscent of Administration predictions that the Soviets would never walk out of arms-control talks last fall, and once they had, that they would return to the bargaining table no later than March. The Administration's admitted surprise at the Soviet Olympic pullout proves once again that it is scarcely adept at gauging the thoughts and intentions of the men in the Kremlin—not that the rest of the world in this case did any better. And if the issue is hardly comparable in importance to nuclear arms negotiations, the boycott demonstrates a Soviet wish to dramatize superpower tensions that cannot comfort anyone, sports buff or not. —By George J. Church, Reported by Erik Amfitheatrov/Moscow, Laurence L. Barrett/Washington and Steven Holmes/Los Angeles, with other bureaus




Blind Runner Joseph Pardow carrying the Olympic torch in Manhattan. A drearier day for pageantry than anybody at first realized.

the fundamental reason for the pullout. The Soviet leaders, beset by economic troubles at home, unable to prevent the deployment of U.S. nuclear missiles in Western Europe and still burning over Reagan's characterization of them as "the focus of evil in the modern world," are in an angry and frustrated mood. They will do nothing even passively that might conceivably boost Reagan's standing, but on the contrary will seize every opportunity to embarrass him in an election year.

Reagan so far has reacted calmly. When White House Chief of Staff James Baker whispered the news of the Soviet pullout to the President as he sat through a luncheon commemorating the 100th birthday of Harry Truman, Reagan merely frowned and murmured, "Oh, no." He said nothing in public for 24 hours, and then took a calculated tone of sorrow rather than anger. Said the President: "It ought to be remembered by all [that] the Games more than 2,000 years ago started

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Olympics

Behind the Bear's Angry Growl

What the Soviets really want is to get rid of Ronald Reagan



Part of the quarrel between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. is over the question of just how bad their relations are and whether they are likely to improve in the near future. One reason the Soviets announced their boycott of the Olympics last week was to buttress their argument that relations are very bad indeed.

To hear them tell it, the climate of relations is at its worst since the most frigid days of the cold war. Nor is the deterioration just a matter of degree, it is a quantum jump downward to a whole new level of nastiness. By Moscow's estimate, the big chill is not merely disagreeable, it is dangerous: World War III, while not necessarily imminent, is more imaginable in the current atmosphere than before. Who do the Soviets blame for this alarming state of affairs? Ronald Reagan, whom they have recently started comparing to Adolf Hitler. The Kremlin leaders and their spokesmen have concluded that it is simply impossible to do business with the Reagan Administration. Soviet-American relations, they say, will remain terrible until the U.S. adopts a whole new set of policies under a new President. In the meantime, a thaw is impossible, the Soviets feel, because with someone like Reagan in the White House, the only heat that can be expected is the kind that is generated by constant friction.

The response to all this from Washington has been low-key and reassuring. While the Soviets wring their hands, pound their fists and wag their fingers, officials of the Reagan Administration shake their heads wearily but indulgently. Soviet-American relations are not all that bad, they say. Nor, the Administration implies, should they be all that good. The two nations are, after all, fundamentally and irreconcilably at odds over how their own societies—and indeed the planet itself—should be run. Détente was, in that sense, unnatural.

According to the Administration, the Soviets are screaming because they feel the pinch of a tougher, more resolute American policy. They miss the palmy days when they could get their way against Reagan's gullible, accommodating predecessors; they realize that they are up against a new American leadership that will cooperate with them only on its own terms, that will compete with them vigorously and that will penalize them for their misdeeds. For that reason, Washington maintains, the Soviets' howls of protest, insofar as they are sincere, should

be music to American and Western ears.

Moreover, continue the Administration and its supporters, there is more than a little stagecraft in the Soviet tantrum. Moscow is deliberately exaggerating the troubles afflicting East-West relations. Many West Europeans are nervous about Reagan's hard line, and the Soviets are trying to exploit those anxieties so that Bonn, London and Paris will distance themselves politically from Washington.

Finally, note American officials, the Soviets are playing American domestic



politics. By repeatedly proclaiming, and last week dramatizing, how bad relations are, the Politburo is trying to influence the way the American electorate answers the Democrats' inevitable question: "Are you living in a safer or more dangerous world today than you were four years ago?" By pulling out of the Olympics six months before Election Day, the Soviets may be calculating that they can cast an important vote as charter members of the Anybody but Reagan Club.

Reagan's advisers are confident not only that Moscow's ploy will fail and the President will be re-elected, but that once the Soviets are faced with the reality of another four years of this Administration, they will swallow their pride, along with their words, and get back to the business of trade, diplomacy and arms control.

There is more truth to the American side of this quarrel than to the Soviet one

Soviet protestations of pique or even fury cannot be taken at face value any more than expressions of good will and friendship. The bear is a born actor; he growls to frighten his foes so that they will back off, and plays tame so that they will draw nearer to be hugged (sometimes to the point of suffocation) or bitten.

The Soviet Union is in essence a militarized political system that views history as conflict and the world (including much of the real estate within the confines of its own empire) as enemy territory. The Kremlin has always regarded peace as war conducted by other means, and that goes particularly for peace with its arch adversary, Nikita Khrushchev saw no contradiction between his hope for "peaceful coexistence" and his boast "We will bury you." Similarly, Leonid Brezhnev made no bones about how the "ideological struggle" would continue despite détente.

For such a system, words are weapons. In addition to the salvos of self-righteous invective being hurled at the U.S. by TASS and Pravda, whole platoons of Soviet scholars, lawyers, journalists, scientists and even a priest or two have been visiting the U.S. in recent weeks and pounding away at the party line: Relations are awful and getting worse; Reagan is to blame; throw the bum out; otherwise, who knows what disasters may ensue.

As the Administration contends, these spokesmen are huffing and puffing to fan fears that could rebound against Reagan in November. The Administration, in turn, hopes that the tactic will backfire, vindicating Reagan's depiction of the Soviets as heavyhanded troublemakers who cannot be trusted or engaged in normal diplomacy.

While Moscow and its minions are undoubtedly exaggerating, however, the fact is that Soviet-American relations are in a sorry state. The Reagan Administration is, for its own domestic and transatlantic political purposes, down-playing a very real crisis, for which it shares some responsibility.

Both before and since Reagan came into office, the Soviet Union has exacerbated international tensions by occupying and bullying its neighbors, stepping up its mischief-making around the world and arming itself beyond a level needed for self-defense or deterrence. In the face of such Soviet behavior, "hardheaded détente," the notion that Richard Nixon has recently been promoting, would have been difficult to establish no matter who became President in 1981.

But the Reagan Administration has made a bad situation worse in two ways: first, by convincing the Soviet leaders that the U.S. no longer accepts military parity as the basis for relations with Moscow; second, by challenging the legitimacy of the Soviet regime, calling the U.S.S.R. an



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"evil empire" doomed to fail. The fact that these two themes have been muted of late in official American rhetoric does not mean that the Soviets believe they have been abandoned.

During the decade after their humiliation in the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, the Soviets dedicated themselves to narrowing and ultimately closing the gap between themselves and the U.S. in overall military strength. By the early 1970s, they believed they had succeeded. So did many American analysts and policymakers. Meanwhile, the U.S. had greatly increased its own powers of overkill. Détente and its diplomatic accompaniment, the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT), were based, quite explicitly, on the mutual acknowledgment that equality between the superpowers existed and should be preserved.

Reagan came into office challenging both halves of that proposition. He and Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger repeatedly asserted that the U.S. had fallen behind the U.S.S.R. across the board. That contention was dubious on its merits, since Reagan and Weinberger chronically undervalued the components of the American arsenal in which the U.S. enjoys significant advantages: offensive and defensive submarine warfare, bombers, cruise missiles and precision-guided conventional weapons. Superiority in those areas compensates for others where the Soviets have a numerical lead over the U.S., particularly land-based ballistic missiles. There are trends on both sides that augur badly for the stability of the military competition, but the superpowers are still in a state of rough equivalence.

There is room for technical debate in the U.S. over exactly how to calibrate the overall military balance and how to redress any imbalances that may have developed in particular categories of weapons or regions of the world. But the Administration seemed, certainly to Soviet ears, to be making a provocative political statement, especially when Reagan spoke of the need to establish what he called "a margin of safety." There is no question how that phrase translated into Russian: the Soviets were convinced that the U.S. was determined to force them back into a position of inferiority.

Moscow's fears were reinforced by the Administration's conduct of arms control, particularly the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks (START). The U.S. proposal would have required the Soviets to dismantle large numbers of their most modern, powerful weapons, ones already deployed, in exchange for an American promise to scale back in the future. In addition to demanding drastic, one-sided cuts in Soviet forces, the proposal left the U.S. free to proceed, albeit at a somewhat reduced level, with a number of new programs that greatly worried Moscow, the MX intercontinental missile, the Trident

II submarine missile and a variety of cruise missiles. Thus to reach a bottom line of equality, the Soviets had to subtract, while the U.S. could add. A proposal based on such arithmetic, even as adjusted late last year under pressure from Congress, was simply nonnegotiable with the Soviets.

The other theme in American policy that the Soviets found so objectionable—that their leadership is illegitimate, aberrational and doomed—resounded through Reagan's rhetoric for nearly two years. The President repeatedly charged that the Soviets "reserve unto themselves the right to commit any crime, to lie, to cheat" and would end up on "the ash heap of history."

That rhetoric, of course, is no harsher



than that the Soviets have been saying about "capitalist imperialists" for decades. Nor is Reagan alone in making bleak judgments about the nature and destiny of the Soviet system. Any number of Kremlinologists, political scientists and other commentators do so all the time. But when a chief of state talks that way, he roils Soviet insecurities and implies that it is the aim of the U.S. Government to bring the Soviet regime down. That tends to confirm the Soviets' pessimistic and alarmist view of Reagan and make them all the more obstreperous.

On the advice of Secretary of State George Shultz and other advisers, Reagan dampened his tough talk for much of 1983. Then came the downing of the Korean airliner on Aug. 31. In a speech to the United Nations General Assembly one month later, Reagan said that the incident was a "reminder of just how different the Soviets' concept of truth and international cooperation is from that of the rest of the world."

Significantly, only two days later TASS

released a statement in Yuri Andropov's name effectively proclaiming that Soviet patience was at an end: "If anyone had any illusions about a possible evolution for the better in the policy of the present American Administration, such illusions have been completely dispelled by the latest developments." Not long after that, the Soviets stomped out of the arms-control negotiations in Geneva. The immediate pretext was the arrival of new U.S. missiles in Western Europe. But, as a Soviet spokesman made clear last week, "there was a generalized decision that our leaders could not do business with this Administration."

The White House and the State Department responded by putting the most sanguine and self-serving interpretations on events: the Soviets would get over their sulks and come back to the negotiating table once they recognized that Reagan was almost sure to be re-elected; Konstantin Chernenko was a would-be *détente*nik who would not feel bound by Andropov's last-straw statement. There were also carefully orchestrated hints out of Washington that despite the crust of ice over Soviet-American relations, encouraging developments were bubbling under the surface, that a "constructive dialogue" was going on in the channels of "quiet diplomacy."

The normally quiet diplomat Anatoli Dobrynin and other Soviets furiously denied that anything constructive was going on, and they denounced what they saw as the Administration's attempt to manipulate appearances. Quite possibly one motive for the Olympic boycott was the desire to put the lie, once and for all, to official Washington's smug assurances that there is no reason for American voters or allies to get upset about the state of U.S.-Soviet relations.

Still, if relations are worse than the Administration would have the world believe, they are almost certainly no as bad as Soviet growling is meant to convey. If Reagan is re-elected, the Kremlin leaders will be just as much stuck with him as he is with them. Neither will be able to wish the other away. The Soviets have a number of strong incentives to resume something like a *modus vivendi* with the U.S.: their economy is increasingly troubled; their difficulties with Poland and Afghanistan show no signs of abating; they need an increase in East-West trade and limitations on the arms race.

But while such a *modus vivendi* would be in the interests of both sides, it will not come about unless Reagan, if re-elected, changes the orientation of his second Administration. He would have to leave behind—the ash heap of history, as it were—three vestiges of his first term: the mistaken belief that the U.S. is No. 2; the misguided belief that it can regain its former pre-eminence over the U.S.S.R. as No. 1 in nuclear might; and the temptation to engage in bearbaiting from the bully pulpit of the presidency. —By *Strobe Talbot*

Olympics

The Agony of Default

For the athletes, the competition is the thing



Spectators might say, "It's only a game," and they should say it 20 times a day. But

can a building contractor ever say, "It's only a house"? To the world's athletes, the Olympics are not merely sport, and their reactions to the Soviet withdrawal ranged from a sigh to a bolt of anger. "The hell with them," said Al Oerter, a U.S. discus thrower with four Olympiads and four gold medals under his broad belt. Willie Banks, the triple jumper, called the Olympics "the biggest political football in the history of man," and Marathoner Alberto Salazar despaired, "It's going to be the death blow for the Games. It has happened too many years."

While political interruptions at the Olympics trace at least to Hitler and probably to Zeus, Munich in 1972 is where innocence died, along with eleven others. "If we stop the Games every time there is disorder in the world," said Avery Brundage, the Olympic politician, "there would never be Games." When he decreed that terrorists should not be allowed to spoil the fun, and let the Games resume, public opinion was divided. But the athletes were agreed: by all means, play on. Physically, emotionally and materially, they had sacrificed too much.

For then and always, their position was expressed most simply by Olga Connolly, a discus thrower who carried the U.S. flag in Munich's opening procession. And she could speak from both sides of the curtain. As a member of the Czechoslovak team in 1956, Olga Fikotova fell for American Hammer Thrower Harold Connolly, and against those two, red tape never had a chance. "On the day my mother died," she said that bleak afternoon in Bavaria, "I still had to do my housework." Training is that basic to them.

When he heard the thunder last week, U.S. Swimmer Jesse Vassallo felt a sympathetic shudder. "The first thing that came to mind was Vladimir Salnikov," he said, referring to the dashing Soviet champion of two Olympic events. "I swam with that guy, trained with him. I know how hard he had to work to maintain what he had. My God, he must feel so empty." Salnikov, the swimmer, Dmitri Belozherchev, the gymnast, Sergei Bubka, the pole vaulter, Anatoli Pisanenko, the weight lifter.

These are the glamorous losses. The marvelous women swimmers from East Germany, including Birgit Meineke and Kristin Otto. Czechoslovakia's middle-distance wonder Jarmila Kratochvilova. No Zamira Zaitseva now to tumble in the wake of Mary Decker. Zaitseva is a Soviet, but the other East bloc countries constitute the grievous loss to track and field. Women's track is becoming something of another East German preserve.

While a fairly respectable men's track meet can be imagined without the absentees, the spectators may not know it. American Carl Lewis hoped to be the most regal figure of the most handsome Games, to sweep the Olympics like Jesse Owens. If the heart has left the Games, how will Lewis summon his best? "In my events [100 and 200 meters, the long jump, the relay] the Soviets are not a factor," he said helplessly, "but I'm not sure the public realizes it. They might think, 'Oh, he won, but the Soviets weren't there.' They may think it means less." Even his long-jumping sister, Carol, said, "If they don't come to the Games, I don't consider it the real Olympics. As far as I'm concerned, last year's world championships were the real Olympics. This summer is now just another big meet."

In swimming, the men will especially miss the Soviets, the women the East Germans. Just the thought of a gymnastics meet without any new Olga Korbut is forlorn. While the Chinese may argue slightly, the tumbling men from the U.S.S.R. are dominant, and the girl-women supreme. Boxing's forecast depends on what the Cubans will do. For some reason, the spirit of boxers is seldom blunted. They generally come from the

More than any other Soviet Olympian, Salnikov figured to make a splash



U.S.S.R.'s Bubka: nowhere to go but down

worst circumstances with the brightest outlooks. "The Russians just made it easier for me to get my gold," said Paul Gonzales, 20, a flyweight from a Los Angeles *barrio*. "They can be very tough people to fight—they're awkward and keep coming at you." Should Cuba demur as well, Gonzales will be consolable. Also elegant Cuban Heavyweight Teofilo Stevenson, 33, would not be coming after his fourth consecutive gold medal.

Although the Soviet men's basketball team is rated behind the Americans and the Italians, U.S. spectators always savor a Russian match above all. In women's basketball, without the U.S.S.R. around, the Americans become the favorites. Archery, cycling, fencing, judo, shooting, soccer, team handball, volleyball, water polo, weight lifting, wrestling and the pentathlon are markedly affected; diving, dressage, synchronized swimming, field hockey and yachting appear unspooled.

Comments from the lost athletes were sparse. The heartbreak of Kratochvilova, heroine of last summer's Helsinki championships, could be imagined. At 32, this seemed her last golden chance. If no one else would speak, the Poles raised their voices. "I don't know what is the situation with the Soviets," said Pentathlon Champion Janusz Peciak, 36, who expected to crown his career in Los Angeles. "I've been many times in the U.S. and there was never any problem with security." Pole Vaulter Wladyslaw Kozakiewicz agreed: "Nobody thinks it will be a plus for the socialist countries not to go. For me, it was the last oppor-



Jarmila Kratochvílová: muscles bound

tunity in my life. Each of us has lost heart. There is enormous sorrow." Triple Jumper Zdzislaw Hoffman moaned, "It is like a knife in the back."

Britain's strong hope for a medal, Swimmer Adrian Moorhouse, said the withdrawals "touched me personally." His two keenest rivals in the breaststroke are Soviets. "Not for one moment do I feel any relief that the Russians might not be racing against me," Moorhouse, 19, said. "It must be heart-breaking to give up so much time, to sweat away in training and then be ordered not to compete just for political reasons."

This is a pang familiar to U.S. athletes, those without a place to play in 1980, particularly the ones unable to hold on another four years. "I was mad. I was bitter," remembered Chicago Runner Rosalyn Bryant, 28, whose best chance at a 400-meter medal may have evaporated with the Carter boycott. "But what can you do? The President is making the decision; he's somebody you never see. So you take it out on your family, on people you're around all of the time." Only 14 then, Gymnast Julianne McNamara could react to that boycott with youthful resilience, tell herself, "I'm an Olympian, and I'll always be," and sweat away another four years.

In some of the least glamorous sports, where many of the most dedicated athletes are found, the Communist bloc teams are an almost necessary standard. "The Russians *have* to be there," said the U.S. freestyle wrestling coach, Dan Gable. "If not, my wife can do the coaching." "This is the best judo team America

ever had," said Eddie Liddie, a 126-pounder. "We've been working four long years, and we're ready to surprise some people, ready to win some medals. Now, when we do good, people will say that the Russians didn't come, the East Germans didn't come, they weren't the real Olympics."

On a recent tour, the judo team encountered the Soviets and a premonition. "Once you're together alone," Liddie said, "politics is out the door, and you trade pins and talk. We'd say, 'Are you going to L.A.?' and they'd say, 'Well, we're not sure.'" Then one of the Cubans told one of our guys who spoke Spanish that Russia might have something [alternate games] in Bulgaria."

U.S. athletes have never been particularly enthusiastic Red-baiters. Innuendoes do fly like javelins over female village smithies who toss anvils for totalitarian states. In 1976, the last Summer Games attended by Americans, the U.S. women swimmers could have taken their thumping by East Germany more gracefully. Some muttered that the Germans' particular star, Kornelia Ender, resembled a man, though she did not look like a man to men, certainly not to Roland Mathes, who married her. He was the G.D.R.'s top male swimmer, and a friendship between Mathes and John Naber, the best American, was evident. "We were on a similar quest," Naber said. "The thing that makes friends is a shared experience. The best of that is a mutual respect."

Those who define themselves by a specific adversary have always acknowledged the bond. A faded photograph from 1962: a Soviet-American track-and-field championship in Palo Alto, Calif., Siberian High Jumper Valeriy Brumel sprang past Bostonian John Thomas for his world record of 7 ft. 5 in. The American crowd cheered without reservation. Thomas hugged and pounded Brumel. On impulse, Valeriy and Tennessee Long Jumper Ralph Boston took a lap around the stadium to unreserved applause. Only the audience has changed.

Neither side of the sporting world is



East Germany's Otto: out of the swim

respected by the other any more, or taken at its word. Many Westerners figure the Soviets fear Olympic drug testing and mass defections, or perhaps just decline to finish second again (as they did in Sarajevo last winter) to the G.D.R. Athletes are joining in the worn discussion of a permanent site in Greece, neglecting to consider who pays for pools and stadiums in use two weeks every four years. "Treat it like a sanctuary, as they did in Olympia," Diver Greg Louganis urges. "It was the Greek's form of worship. Why not bring it back as that?" But John Naber disagrees: "The Games are a social and cultural exchange, a big party. You don't want the party to be held in the same home every time."

As usual, the competitors are rallying. "I wasn't going to the Olympics just to beat the Russians," said U.S. Gymnast Mary Lou Retton. "I was going because it has always been my dream." A good and brave line is managed by Lorraine Moller, the marathoner from New Zealand, who reasons, "They will be the only Olympics I might ever know. Would you cancel your birthday party because a few relatives won't show?" American Gymnast Mitch Gaylord believes, "They will still be the Olympic Games. There's nothing bigger than that." As Naber says, "There are still five rings and gods on clouds throwing lightning bolts." When Alberto Salazar and others ask, "Will children grow up dreaming of the Olympics any more?" Naber answers, "I'm afraid they will." —By Tom Callahan, Reported by Melissa Ludtke/Los Angeles and John Moody/Bonn, with other bureaus

Cuba was no threat in women's basketball, but don't tell the man with the ball



Olympics

Auditing the Capitalist Games

Though Moscow's move will hurt, the mood is still upbeat



The unofficial name for the 1984 Summer Games in Los Angeles is the Capitalist

Olympics—so called because every cent of the \$475 million budgeted to stage them has come from private sources, primarily U.S. corporations. But as every capitalist knows, the "invisible hand" of Adam Smith's marketplace economy not only provides bounteous rewards, it is also perfectly capable of delivering a sucker punch. It was far too early to tell whether the Soviets, in leading an East-bloc boycott of the Olympics, had landed a solid shot or a glancing blow on the 30 corporate sponsors, 54 Olympic licensees and hundreds of others who had sought prestige and profit through the Games. But the mood in Los Angeles was, for the most part, defiantly upbeat. Declared Harry Usher, executive vice president of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee (L.A.O.O.C.): "We won't go into the red."

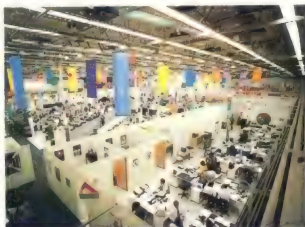
The impact of a Moscow pullout will be mostly indirect. No one was counting on the Soviet Union or its satellites to provide more than a tiny fraction of the 600,000 tourists expected to visit Los Angeles during the 16 days of Olympic competition. The big question was whether popular U.S. interest in the Games, abetted by one of the most intensive publicity campaigns ever mounted for a sports event, could be sustained with so many star performers missing. On the answer rode millions of dollars in sales of everything from air fares to souvenir trinkets, as well as the largest sum ever bid for the right to cover a sports event on television.

Most of those with a direct stake in the success of the Games were understandably eager to remain publicly optimistic. Said Stanford Blum, who lost money as an Olympic licensee in 1980 after the U.S. decided to boycott the Moscow Games but who is now back in business in Los Angeles: "It was almost unpatriotic for American merchandisers to promote items after the U.S. boycott. That certainly won't be the case in Los Angeles." Corporate sponsors, who have already made good on their pledges of \$4 million to \$15 million apiece to the L.A.O.O.C. and could not back out even if they wanted to, also put the brightest possible face on the boycott. Said Steve Leroy, media manager for McDonald's Corp., which spent \$4 million building the Olympic swim stadium on the U.S.C. campus: "For every dol-

lar we've spent, we expect the public to be aware that we have this type of commitment to sports. The program already has been a big success."

Still, there were nagging doubts. "Everybody's putting on a brave face, but I think it does matter whether or not the Russians come," said Brian Harlig, co-owner of Good Time Tickets, one of four major ticket outlets in Los Angeles. His Olympic sales slacked off noticeably after Moscow's announcement. Los Angeles City Councilman John Ferraro was more alarmed by the Soviet boycott: "It could hurt our Games tremendously."

By far the largest question mark hung over the American Broadcasting Co., which bid \$225 million for U.S. Olympic



L.A.O.O.C. headquarters, located in a former helicopter factory

broadcasting rights and plans saturation coverage: 187 hours in 16 days. The stakes for ABC and its flamboyant news-and-sports chief, Roone Arledge, go beyond the outlay for the Games. The network uses Olympic air time to preview its fall programming season and to reinforce its image as the No. 1 sports broadcaster. Attracting a large audience for the Summer Games grew all the more crucial when last February's Winter Olympics in Sarajevo, for which ABC paid \$91 million, proved to be a ratings bust. Viewership for those telecasts, according to some advertising-industry estimates, was 25% below expectation, and the network was forced to repay shortchanged advertisers with free commercial spots later, some of them during the Summer Olympics.

For ABC, the Los Angeles Games offered a chance to make some very handsome profits. By selling all of its available commercial time, ABC could raise total revenues of \$480 million—provided that its ratings averaged 16 or higher, meaning that at least 16% of all U.S. households

with televisions were tuned in to the Olympics. Thus, after spending \$225 million for the broadcast rights, plus an additional \$200 million for production costs and advertising commissions, the network stood to reap a profit of up to \$55 million. By early last week ABC reported that fully 90% of its available spots had been sold.

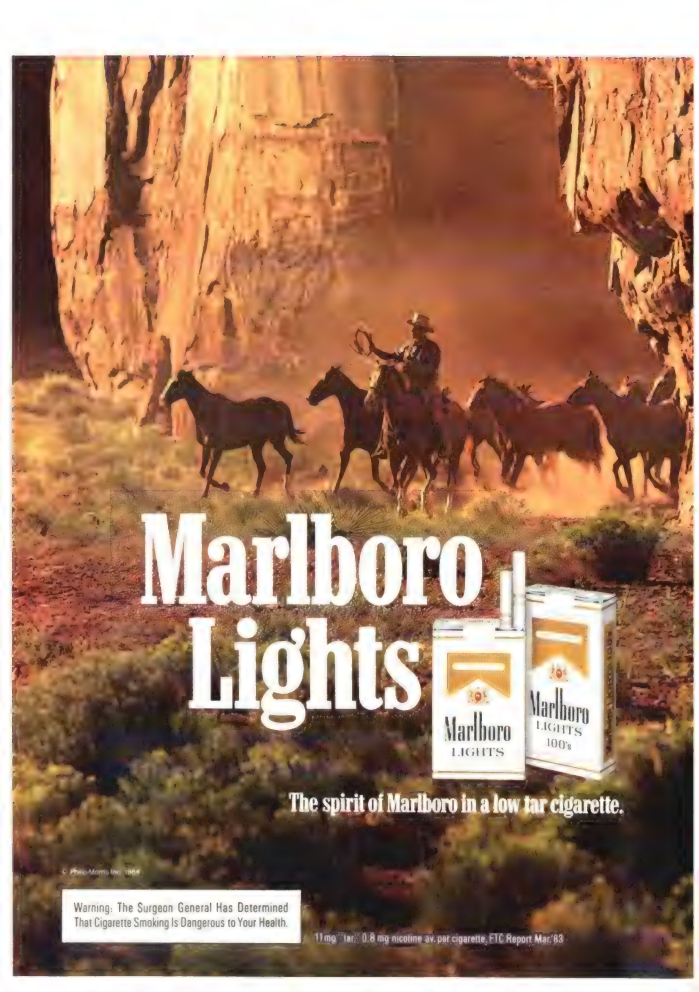
The boycott could not have come at a worse time for Arledge. As it happened, he was meeting in Los Angeles with the network's 214 affiliates to talk up the coming Games. To air long, continuous segments of the Olympics, the affiliates are required by the network to cancel or delay some of their most profitable local programming. In return, ABC provides spots for local commercials during Olympic programming. Even before the boycott announcement, some stations were having trouble selling those spots. So it was not surprising that a mood of dismay swept the ballroom of the Century Plaza

Hotel when the affiliates heard ABC Anchorman Peter Jennings announce the word from Moscow. Said Arledge: "It's a disappointment. There are certain events that it would be very good to have them [the Soviets] in. But it is not as devastating as when the U.S. team didn't go to Moscow."

ABC officials quickly pointed out that they had taken steps to protect themselves against boycotts and other potential misfortunes. For one thing, the network's contract with the L.A.O.O.C. calls for reduced payments if any of ten teams, including those of the Soviet Union and East Germany, fails to take part in competition. According to the L.A.O.O.C.'s Usher, the rebate will be something less than the \$60 million to \$70 million that he said ABC still owes the L.A.O.O.C.

In addition, ABC had a reported \$8 million insurance policy with San Francisco's Fireman's Fund against a whole list of eventualities, including cancellation of the Games because of an earthquake and their interruption by an emergency presidential speech. The network even insured itself against low ratings, though neither ABC nor Fireman's Fund will disclose how much the audience has to dip before the policy starts paying off.

While ABC is insulated against the kind of loss (\$34 million) that NBC sustained as a result of the 1980 U.S. boycott, its chances of realizing the profits once hoped for are much more problematic. Some analysts doubt that ratings will slide drastically. But others wonder if ABC can hold viewer interest over such a vast expanse of air time (an average of 1½ hours a day). Said Joel Segal, executive vice president for broadcasting at New York City's Ted Bates advertising agency: "A

A cowboy on a horse herding a group of other horses through a canyon. The scene is bathed in the warm, golden light of a sunset or sunrise, with dust kicked up by the horses. The canyon walls are rugged and layered.

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Olympics

plus is our guys will win a lot of gold medals. On the minus side, I think the Games will lose a lot of excitement—Eastern Europe is the toughest competition we've got. I think the minus outweighs the plus. I think the ratings will be lower than they would have been." If so, the dwindling numbers have consequences beyond Olympic programming. The 214 affiliates of ABC and the five stations it owns, said Kidder, Peabody Analyst Joe Fuchs, "also stood to make money on the adjacents," the programming just before and after the Olympics. With smaller audiences for the Games, those for the adjacents are also likely to shrink.

Beyond the special case of ABC, the effects of an East bloc boycott on the Olympics remained highly speculative. A study conducted for the L.A.O.O.C. in 1982 estimated that the Summer Games would provide a direct infusion of about \$1 billion into the overall Los Angeles economy and create some 60,000 jobs. Those are hardly piddling figures, but they pale when compared with the metropolitan area's annual economic output of \$219 billion and nonfarm work force of 3.6 million. (If Los Angeles were a separate country, it would rank as the world's 14th largest economy.) With an entity that size, said Phillip Vincent, regional economic manager for First Interstate Bank of California, "the Olympic Games simply can't have any big impact one way or another."

For the Olympic committee, the primary loss from the boycott will be in the refund of television revenues. L.A.O.O.C. President Peter Ueberroth some time ago ordered the drafting of a secret Plan B that assumed a Soviet boycott, and committee officials maintain that the reduced payment from ABC can be largely offset by unspecified cost cutting. Presumably that would include reducing orders for food, transportation and other items no longer needed for no-show teams. Other expenses, however, including university dormitory lodgings, were paid for in advance and cannot be cut back. As a result, the L.A.O.O.C. will almost certainly be forced to reach into its projected Olympic "profit" of \$15.5 million to pay off expenses.

Souvenir license holders, on the other hand, can talk about little except how much the Olympics have already done for them. "The sale of our items has been an enormous success even if we don't sell another single necktie," said Rudy Cervantes, head of Cervantes Neckwear Inc., one of the



"You're dismayed!!!"

Games' official suppliers. Such optimism must hearten the city's retail emporiums, which are awash with Olympic kitsch, from \$5 key chains at airport souvenir counters to cotton crew-neck sweaters costing \$45 at Jerry Magnin on Rodeo Drive. Sam the Eagle, counterpart to Mishka the Bear at Moscow, shows up on everything from coffee mugs to T-shirts.

Realtors and tour-group operators had less cause for cheer. Rental Agent Donald Roberts heard the news on his radio and thought, "Oh no, there goes everything." The owner of an Olympic accommodations service, Roberts had recently received reservations for a tour group of 1,200 from Yugoslavia and for 22 members of the Hungarian track-and-field team. Neither group had supplied a deposit, a condition normally required by listing agents and the many private homeowners in Los Angeles who put their houses up for rent during the Games. Prospective landlords, however, cannot be quite as demanding as they were some months ago. According to many realtors, there was a glut of private accommodations on the market even before the boycott, forcing widespread price cutting. But some Angelenos hit the jackpot. Chuckled

Steve Obeck, who arranged the lease of eight plush residences to East European groups with full payment in advance: "Those homeowners can have their cake and eat it too. They can stay home for the Games."

Even before last week there were some signs that the Los Angeles Games were not proving to be quite the magnet that some boosters had predicted. Many airlines had already abandoned their hopes of charging full fares on all flights to and from Los Angeles during the Olympics (summer discounts are normally available), and automobile-rental agencies had stopped requiring full payment in advance. Accordingly, in the best tradition of Yankee buoyancy, there were those who predicted that the boycott would strengthen rather than weaken the appeal of the Games. Ventured Walter Hill, president of a firm that makes official Olympic trading cards: "In terms of a collectible, controversy enhances the value of the cards."

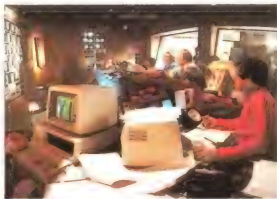
One dampening effect of the boycott that seems welcome, at least to ordinary fans, is the anticipated decline in the resale value of the 3.56 million tickets already sold to Olympic events. The asking price for a \$200 seat at the opening and closing ceremonies, according to Los Angeles Ticket Agency Owner Larry Gold, had gone as high as \$1,500 before the boycott. Now, says Gold, "the speculators won't be able to command the prices they wanted."

Whatever the eventual impact on attendance, viewership and product sales at this summer's Olympics, the jolt of two major-power boycotts in a row is bound to influence profoundly the Summer Games scheduled for Seoul in 1988. After the television rights to the 1988 Winter Games in Calgary were sold to ABC for \$309 million (\$218 million more than its winning bid

for the Sarajevo competition), some broadcast analysts speculated that the rights to the Seoul Games would take a dizzying leap toward the billion-dollar mark.

Now, with only a month to go before the rights are awarded, that estimate has been scaled back sharply. Similarly, U.S. and West European firms that regularly establish commercial ties with the quadrennial Games may prove more cautious than ever in becoming associated with an event that could once again become politically combustible. Another capitalist rule of thumb, after all, is that there comes a time to cut one's losses.

—By William R. Doerner, Reported by William Blaylock and Benjamin W. Cate/Los Angeles



Arledge directing Sarajevo coverage from ABC control room. How large an audience for 187 hours of the Summer Games?



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Essay

Why Do We Go from Here?



Or should we create an event called the embarrathon? No outright boycotts permitted, but somewhere on the regular schedule of every Olympics would be an occasion for

any participating nation to needle or humiliate any other nation. Medals would be presented, as in the athletic events, but in the embarrathon both winners and losers would be asked to mount the platforms so that the world might jeer or smirk as it chose. Or are we getting desperate?

It may be heartening to point out that in the long and murky history of the Games things have looked considerably bleaker. For centuries after their founding, write John Kieran and Arthur Daley in *The Story of the Olympic Games*, the Olympics provided "the great peaceful events of civilization." Yet eventually, as Greece gave way to Rome, "they lost the spirit of the older days. Winners were no longer contented with a simple olive wreath as a prize. They sought gifts and money. [Heartened yet?] The games, instead of being patriotic and religious festivals, became carnivals, routs and circuses." Halted by the Roman Emperor Theodosius in A.D. 393, they did not resume until 1896, in which hiatus the world spun reasonably well without them.

Now, the question of the day seems to be: Where do we go from here? There is no fixed agreement. Many suggest that for the Olympics to survive their geopolitical wars, there should be a) a single permanent site (Greece seems the favorite), and b) a denationalizing of the events (no flags, anthems or colors; just individual names). If nations are serious about mucking up the Games, however, a single site would not deter them. No permanent location would prevent an act of terrorism such as made a tragedy of Munich in 1972. And if the will is there, an individual name can take on the magnitude or onus of a nation.

But the more sensible question may be: Why should the Games continue at all? After last week's announcements that the Soviet Union and East Germany were pulling out of the events, most American commentators sounded fed up with the whole business. Perhaps justifiably. Since 1968 every Olympics has been spoiled by some act of political protest or violence, and during that same period the Games have grown gargantuan in size, stakes and influence. Until the Soviet decision, it was estimated that this year a television audience of 2½ billion people would watch the events, "more than half the living, breathing people on earth," as Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee President Peter Ueberroth once described the crowd.

Politics dogs power. In part the Soviet pullout appears to be a getting-even with Jimmy Carter's 1980 boycott after the invasion of Afghanistan. But since the Soviets were always intent on showing their displeasure with Ronald Reagan, they could have chosen no better theater.

Then there are the dollars, billions of them as well. When athletes who are supposedly amateurs stand to make fortunes in a pole vault, winning and profit become the same thing. Soon ends justify means. Soon other value judgments in society (military, ethical, intellectual) are reinforced. Soon everything is spoiled.

So why go to the trouble of holding these events? By now

more than half the living, breathing people on earth know perfectly well how politicized, professionalized, commercialized the Games are, how hypocritical and often shameful their history, how short-winded the international camaraderie they engender. Would it not be cleaner to avoid the quadrennial razzberries of the superpowers by simply holding a Soviet Olympics, a NATO Olympics, the Apartheid Games?

Two reasons why not, both fragile and shaky. The first is that the Olympic ideals of virtue in competition are, from time to time, actually realized. They seem in fact to be realized normally in the Winter Games, which for some reason (not the cold, surely) have managed to remain incident-free. The Olympic ideals have less to do with the familiar end-of-Games scenes of Mississippians hugging Muscovites than with the direct appreciation of sport. Not that one mutters, "I marvel at Olga

Korbut; therefore I love all nations." Rather it is a matter of noting, usually in silence, the common human displays of excellence and struggle, both against oneself and against time. Down on the track a hurdler runs like mad to beat time. Up in the stands the aging spectator beholds the perpetually young. They are connected not by nationhood.



Second, the Olympics are a good place to let off the world's steam. Orwell criticized the Games as "war minus the shooting," but given the alternative, that seems no condemnation. There has always been a lot of sociological fretting about the bellicosity of sport, how smoothly the exercise of aggression transfers itself to swords and guns—most of which seems nonsense. But even if a line may be drawn from the playing fields of Eton to Waterloo, still the playing fields must be judged preferable; better to be akin to war than in one. What gets ob-

servers of the Olympics down may be pure exasperation: Why should the world give up on one international activity that at least has the potential to offer more pleasure than pain?

One would think that the governments of the world might show more pride in their capabilities not to let so simple a problem get out of hand. Here, after all, is the entire challenge: as heads of state and their armies go about their customary business of covert operations, assassinations or gas attacks, a group of young people in shorts would like to show how long they can jump, how far they can toss a hammer, how accurately they can shoot a ball into a basket. Can the mighty nations conspire to let them have their way? Is the technology there, the power? Putting things in terms of bureaucratic efficiency: If governments cannot make a foot race work, what can they do?

The Games will probably outlive this recent tit-for-tat. The Soviet action was not really tit-for-tat anyway; the invasion of Afghanistan is not to be equated with a punitive response to that invasion. Still, as long as excellence requires excellence to test its worth, the Olympics are likely to find some way to continue. It often seems the task, the desire, even the natural calling, of bureaucrats to find a way to damage or curtail individual value. Yet, fortunately, it also seems the nature of excellence to seek its own level. This is the game behind the Games, and it goes as long as the earth.

—By Roger Rosenblatt



Back in the race: Gary Hart gestures to supporters at Washington's National Press Club after upset victories in Ohio and Indiana

Nation

Snakebit on the Long Trail

Hart lives again as Mondale stumbles in the Midwest



The invitation read, "Help put Fritz over the top." Balloons floated, booze flowed and the band played as hundreds of Mondale supporters jammed the Sheraton Washington Hotel last week to celebrate the beginning of the end of the Democratic race. Inquiring reporters were told to expect an early victory statement at 8 o'clock. At 9 p.m., Campaign Manager Robert Beckel assured the faithful: "We're on our way. It's only a matter of time now."

But the time dragged. Small groups began to cluster around TV sets. Campaign workers whispered anxiously among themselves. Still no candidate, still no statement. Finally, a few minutes after 11 p.m., Walter Mondale waded slowly through the now diminished crowd, family and entourage in tow. His face was weary, his voice flat and somber. "I know we're going to win this," he insisted. "I know we're going to be elected. That's what the American people want."

If so, it was hardly apparent from the results of "Super Tuesday II." Mondale did win solidly in North Carolina (36% to Gary Hart's 30% and Jesse Jackson's

25%) and Maryland (43% to Jackson's 27% and Hart's 25%). But Hart came back from the brink to upset Mondale twice, in the key Midwestern states of Ohio (42% to 40%) and Indiana (42% to 41%). "Welcome to the fourth quarter," Hart told a jubilant throng of his supporters at Washington's National Press Club. "The message is clear. The Democrats and the people of this country are not prepared to have this contest and debate end at this time."

Hart's analysis was closer to the mark than Mondale's. Still, the results were less a victory for the challenger than a defeat for the front runner. The former Vice President remains the odds-on favorite to win the nomination. But party chiefs fear that by the time he raises his arms in victory at the convention in San Francisco, he will have taken so many blows from his opponents he will be punch-drunk. Says Iowa Democratic Committee Chairman David Nagle: "If Hart sweeps the rest, Mondale's going to be a badly wounded duck trying to fly home."

With perverse consistency, voters seem to slap Mondale down every time he appears to have the nomination within his grasp. Having derailed Mondale's "juggernaut" in New Hampshire, they briefly

admired him as an aggressive underdog struggling back. But after Mondale regained the role of front runner, he began behaving like one again, calling for party unity and looking ahead to the contest against Ronald Reagan. To the voters, he was no longer "Fighting Fritz." Once again he was what one party insider calls "Mondale Inc.," the buttoned-up Establishment candidate who sells shares of himself to interest groups.

As soon as Mondale eased off, Hart began to strike back. "This Hart is like a snake you beat into the ground. You think

Actress Debra Winger shares a laugh with Hart at an



he's dead, then bam! He's back to life again," said Nagle. Ohio and Indiana, where unemployment rates are around 10% and organized labor is strong, seemed like safe territory for Mondale; he wears the union label proudly and had won every previous primary state in which unemployment exceeded 10%. But Hart was finally able to reach into the blue-collar vote with clever ads that showed the Colorado Senator standing in working clothes outside a Youngstown, Ohio, factory, simply listening while the employees carved up Mondale. (First worker: "Union leadership may get our dues, but they don't get our hearts and minds." Second worker: "We lost with Mondale before . . . He got up to bat and struck out. Now he wants another turn.") For the first time in the campaign, exit polls showed Hart holding even with Mondale among voters whose families had been hit by unemployment. In addition, unlike the other big industrial states won by Mondale—New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois—Ohio and Indiana allowed "cross-over" voting by Republicans and independents: Hart ran ahead of Mondale among these groups by almost two to one.

Mondale's aides acknowledged their candidate's benign neglect of Ohio and Indiana. But they pointed to Mondale's win in North Carolina, where Hart made the mistake of vaguely threatening to cut off federal price supports for tobacco. In Maryland, where Hart campaigned for barely half an hour, Mondale carried even the suburbs, home of Hart's usually loyal cadre of young, upwardly mobile professionals, the Yumpies. Indeed, when the counting was over in last week's primaries, Mondale had actually won 42 more delegates than Hart, 184 to 142. Hart overwhelmingly won the caucuses in his home state, Colorado, but the 43 delegates still have not been apportioned.)

Mondale aides continue to insist that the delegate tallies heavily favor their man. Campaign Chairman James Johnson predicted that Mondale, who now has 1,528 delegates, would win the necessary majority (1,967) in the last round of primaries, on June 5. To do so, he must win 53% of the 829 delegates yet to be chosen. The final seven primaries and one caucus

report rally in Terre Haute, Ind.



Fighting the front-runner jinx: Mondale and family put a stoic face on defeat

will choose 571 of these delegates. In five of the remaining contests, Mondale is the underdog. He has virtually given up on Oregon (43 delegates, May 15), where the Yumpie vote is strong, and faces an uphill struggle in Nebraska (24 delegates, May 15), where popular Governor Bob Kerrey is stumping for Hart. (Last week Kerrey's sometime girlfriend, Actress Debra Winger, campaigned with Hart in Ohio.) Hart also has a slight edge in Idaho (18 delegates, May 24) and South Dakota (15 delegates, June 5).

Hart's big bonanza may come in California (306 delegates, June 5). Jackson is favored in four largely black districts in Los Angeles and San Francisco, and Mondale looks strong in some urban districts with heavy concentrations of union workers, Hispanics, Jews and the elderly. But Hart has great appeal among California's large Yumpie population, particularly in high-tech Silicon Valley. Californians have a tradition of upsetting front runners: in 1976, for instance, their Governor, Jerry Brown, beat Jimmy Carter by 1.3 million votes. Indeed, California has not voted for the eventual Democratic nominee since it went for George McGovern in 1972.

Mondale hopes to buffer defeat in California with victories that same day in heavily Hispanic New Mexico (23 delegates) and pro-labor West Virginia (35 delegates). The big question on the last Super Tuesday of primary season is New Jersey (107 delegates). The state's large labor, elderly and ethnic populations mirror those of New York and Pennsylvania, where Mondale won big, but unemployment is fairly low (6.8%), and voters have a reputation for backing underdogs in presidential primaries.

Mondale's aides would very much like to collect New Jersey as "insurance." Even so, they insist that Mondale could

lose all the remaining contests and still reach the 1,967 mark. Agrees a congressional Democratic leader: "Mondale doesn't really need to win any more to put him over the top." Reason: he should do very well among the 219 "superdelegates" and 39 at-large delegates still to be picked from among party leaders and state officials.

Nevertheless, last week's results showed once again that there is a deep reluctance among Democratic voters to confirm Mondale as the nominee. In Texas, for instance, where Mondale's superb organization won the caucuses, many voters were bitter about the candidate as they left the polls. "Mondale embarrasses me," complained Democrat Russell Glenn of Odessa. "He's got more special interests behind him than west Texas has dirt roads." Said Victoria Crosby of Brownsville: "If Mondale gets the nomination, I'll vote for Reagan." In Ohio, fully one-third of the voters in the Democratic primary told TV network exit pollers the same thing. In North Carolina, the exit polls anticipated a defection rate from Mondale that was even higher: 40%. A yet-to-be-released survey by Atlanta-based Pollster Claiborne Darden indicates that 70% of the voters who went with Hart in nine Southern states would vote for Reagan in November if Mondale wins the nomination.

Hart plans to stress the "electability issue" in future primaries and with delegates who may be wavering by convention time. "I love to ask these delegates to name me a single state south of the Mason-Dixon line or west of the Mississippi River that Walter Mondale can carry," says Hart Adviser Patrick Caddell. "Their eyes widen with fright. They can't name a single one." The pitch has just one drawback: it is not clear

Nation

that Hart would do much better. Exit polls in the North Carolina and Ohio primaries revealed voters defecting to Reagan at almost the same rate if Hart gets nominated. Darden's polls reflect that Hart is no more able to be elected in the South than Mondale is. A Los Angeles *Times* poll published last week showed Reagan beating Mondale 53% to 41%. But the numbers were just as bad for Hart. He would lose to the President 52% to 41%.

Hart's strategists are convinced that a continuing string of Mondale defeats will cripple the front runner before the convention, even if he continues to add to his delegate total. The momentum, they say, is once again with Hart. Hart's aides will snipe away at Mondale's labor ties and seize every opportunity to link his name and record to Jimmy Carter's. They even hope to pin part of the blame on Mondale for the Soviet withdrawal from the Summer Olympics. "I'll be interested in just what his role was in the Olympic boycott in 1980, now that it's been thrown back in our face," coyly wonders Campaign Manager Oliver Henkel. Says another Hart aide: "I hope Mondale says again that he privately led the fight against it, especially since it was his idea." While aides unleash their volleys, Hart himself will press his "campaign of new ideas."

Hart cannot win enough delegates to take the nomination on the first round. Even in a best-case scenario—doubling his 886 delegates—he falls short. His aim instead is to deny a first-round victory to Mondale. At the convention, Hart then hopes to win over uncommitted delegates, woo others away from Mondale, and get still other Mondale delegates thrown out. "It's now a three-ring circus," says Caddell. "The primaries, the delegate battle, and the rules and credentials fights." Hart claims that some 500 Mondale delegates should be disqualified because they were chosen with the help of "delegate committees," groups set up with money mostly from labor political action committees (PACs). Mondale has disbanded these ill-advised committees and even promised to give the money back, but Hart plans to hammer away at the issue. He has filed a formal complaint with the Federal Election Commission, and he keeps goading Mondale to return the money (which Mondale claims is about \$300,000 but the Hart camp hints is at least twice as much). So far, both voters and the press have

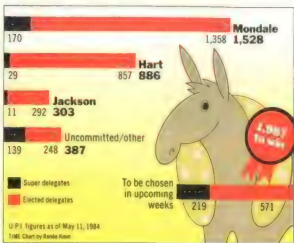
largely dismissed the delegate-committee squabble as little more than Washington "inside baseball," but it could prove to be a festering sore for Mondale.

Unlike 1980, delegates are no longer absolutely bound to any candidate, even on the first ballot. The so-called robot rule or yanking rule that disqualified defectors (literally yanking them off the floor) was abolished in 1982. Nonetheless, party officials say there is still a moral obligation of delegates to vote for the candidate who

aide to New York Governor Mario Cuomo. Cuomo illustrates the dilemma. He is perhaps the most prominently mentioned alternative. Yet having endorsed Mondale and helped him mightily to win the New York primary, Cuomo is not about to turncoat. Nor would most of the delegates want to embrace such an untested, unknown prospect. Various other names float about: Party Elder Robert Strauss, Former California Governor Jerry Brown, Massachusetts Senator Ted Kennedy, Arkansas Senator Dale Bumpers, even Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca. But all carry liabilities of either too little reputation or too much, and none have paid the same dues on the campaign trail as Mondale. Hart or Jackson. Says Texas Party Chairman Bob Slagle: "Our folks really believe in sweat equity. If you sweat for it, you get our first consideration."

The party's great fear is that Mondale will leave the convention not only sweating but bleeding. His aides had hoped to begin the healing process after sweeping the last batch of primaries. At week's end state party leaders met in San Francisco. They hammered out convention logistics but mended no fences. "If Mondale had won all four primaries, this meeting would have been the start of the call for unity," said Georgia Party Chairman Bert Lance. "I guess unity has been delayed for a while." The Mondale camp had hoped the convention would be a four-day media event extolling the party and excoriating the President. But it could easily disintegrate into a bitter struggle over rules and delegate credentials, with Hart and Jackson hitting Mondale from different angles and sometimes in tandem.

Last week's voting left Democrats in a dismaying but not unusual situation: divided and confused. "The Democratic Party has the greatest death wish known to man," says Pollster Darden. Notes Florida Attorney General James Smith, an uncommitted delegate who is leaning toward Hart: "The party is struggling to find itself. A lot of Democrats just don't know what they want. The people that want new ideas on the one hand and the people from the old school on the other just seem worlds apart." Mondale still has not been able to bridge that gap, and until he does, or someone else does, the Democrats will not be able to forge a path to the White House. —By Evan Thomas, Reported by Sam Allis with Mondale and David Beckwith with Hart, and other bureaus



Adding Up the Delegates

The Democrats will send two basic kinds of delegates to their convention this year. The first are those elected in primaries and caucuses. Most are pledged to a particular candidate, while some are elected as uncommitted. Those who are either pledged or have expressed a preference are listed in their candidate's totals. Under the 1984 rules, however, even pledged delegates are not forced to vote for their candidates. The second type consists of 568 slots set aside for party officials and local and national officeholders. These "superdelegates" are technically unpledged. But those who have made their preferences known are listed in the totals for the candidate they support.

brought them to San Francisco. This tie is likely to be especially strong on some delegates whose travel expenses to San Francisco are being paid for by organized labor. Hart's chance of taking away delegates from Mondale is "just about zero," insists Mondale Campaign Chairman Johnson.

Some delegates wonder, should the final round of primaries seem to wound Mondale irreparably, whether there might be some alternative besides Hart or Jackson, a fourth man who could capture the hearts of a restive convention. "Another candidate is the only hope we have against Reagan," says William Rosasco of Florida, formerly a John Glenn delegate but now uncommitted.

The party pros are doubtful that a fourth man could emerge. "It just doesn't work that way," says Timothy Russert, an

Winning Peace with Honor

A truce is negotiated in the Battle of Agent Orange

Private First Class Michael Ryan had just arrived in Viet Nam with the 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment in 1966 when he and his squad were sent into an area that had been sprayed with the herbicide known as Agent Orange. Soon thereafter he lost almost 50 lbs. and developed mysterious lumps on his groin and rashes all over his body. Army doctors dosed him with penicillin and sent him back to duty. Five years later, while serving as a policeman on Long Island, N.Y., Ryan fathered a daughter. Born with multiple birth defects including deformed limbs and organs and a hole in her heart, she will be confined to a wheelchair and need constant care as long as she lives.

Ryan, last week, was among those who won, or at least reached a negotiated

that they had merely manufactured the defoliant according to the military's instructions. Nonetheless, the companies agreed to place \$180 million into a fund that will be used to compensate victims and their families. The fund is expected to last for 25 years. With interest, currently accruing at \$61,000 a day, the initial deposit could result in payments totaling as much as \$750 million. Judge Weinstein plans to hold hearings to allow comments from others before approving the negotiated agreement. If, as expected, the settlement is upheld, the judge will design and oversee a system that will award payments to veterans and their families on a case-by-case basis.

Both the plaintiffs and the chemical companies insisted that their side had

a compound produced in its manufacture, dioxin, is one of the most toxic chemicals known. A tiny amount of dioxin can kill some laboratory animals and in others produce liver disorders, various cancers and birth defects. In 1970 the U.S. military stopped using Agent Orange over Viet Nam. By that time some 11 million gallons of the herbicide had been sprayed over the country. It has been estimated that 50,000 to 60,000 servicemen were exposed to the chemical. Said Veteran Al Marcotte: "We bathed in it, drank it and slept in it."

Despite dioxin's effect on laboratory animals, it has never been conclusively established if dioxin-contaminated Agent Orange is directly responsible for ailments in humans more serious than chloracne, a disfiguring skin problem. But after a 1976 explosion at an Italian chemical plant, which spread dioxin over a village and resulted in chloracne and the widespread death of animals, many veterans



Seeking restitution and respect: James Burdge, Al Marcotte and Tim Connelly. Air Force planes spraying the defoliant over Viet Nam in 1966.

settlement of their longest battle of the Viet Nam War. His family and four others acted as plaintiffs representing thousands of Viet Nam veterans and their families in a massive class action against manufacturers of the herbicide. They charged that Agent Orange caused, among other things, cancer and liver damage in many of the soldiers, miscarriages in some of their wives and birth defects in some of their children. The five-year legal struggle, which came to symbolize the bitter suffering and frustration of the veterans of America's most unpopular war, culminated in a \$180 million out-of-court settlement, the largest mass-damage award ever negotiated.

Judge Jack Weinstein hammered out the settlement at federal district court in Brooklyn, N.Y., shortly before dawn of the day that jury selection was scheduled to begin. The seven corporate defendants—Dow Chemical, Monsanto, Uniroyal, Diamond Shamrock, Hercules, T.H. Agriculture and Nutrition and the now defunct Thompson Chemical—denied any liability for the veterans' illnesses; their position was that Agent Orange had not caused the health problems and

enough legal ammunition to win the case. They agreed to the compromise in order to avoid a lengthy, expensive, emotional and uncertain jury trial. Although some corporate executives felt that the chemical companies had surrendered to an unjustified payoff, the share prices of the five companies on the New York Stock Exchange rose after the news. Some veterans felt that their side had sold out. "This was the settlement the chemical companies were looking for," said Lee Covino, a Viet Nam veteran in New York City. "The vets had no say in this." But most seemed to agree with Frank McCarthy, president of the Vietnam Veterans Agent Orange Victims. "It's an incredible start," he proclaimed. "We wanted a trust fund, and we got it without going through a trial and opening old wounds."

The U.S. first began spraying Agent Orange over Viet Nam in 1965 to defoliate the jungles and roadsides that the enemy was using for cover. The herbicide got its name from the bright orange stripes on the steel drums that contained it. By itself, Agent Orange is not considered unusually dangerous to humans, but

became convinced that Agent Orange was responsible for most of their ailments.

Victor J. Yannacone Jr., a Long Island lawyer who fought to ban the insecticide DDT in the '60s, filed a class action against the manufacturers of Agent Orange in 1979. (He later withdrew from the case in a dispute with other attorneys for the veterans.) During the next five years the case provoked waves of other suits, counter-suits, motions and medical examinations, as well as conflicting claims about the harmful effects of dioxin on humans.

The settlement reached last week was due mainly to the forceful prodding of Judge Weinstein. He appointed three prominent lawyers to work as intermediaries. In the final stages of the negotiations, the veterans sought \$250 million plus interest; the chemical companies offered \$100 million without interest. During the weekend before jury selection was to start, two of the mediators worked round the clock, shuttling between empty courtrooms in the cavernous Brooklyn federal courthouse with proposals and counterproposals. The lawyers napped on tables and benches, munched on delicatessen sandwiches, played cards and studied the latest offers.

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At midnight before the Monday trial, the sides were still \$70 million apart and in disagreement over interest payments, but Judge Weinstein refused to delay the case. Less than three hours later he was able to tell the veterans' lawyers: "The case is over if you take 180." They did. Some 50 lawyers and corporate officials then crammed into Weinstein's chamber to crack bottles of champagne and celebrate the unprecedented settlement.

For both sides the issue of culpability is as important as compensation, and that question still lingers. The veterans and chemical companies both point the finger at Washington. "The real culprit here is the Federal Government," said a lawyer involved in the case. "The companies were told to make the Agent Orange at Government specifications. A lot of this was really misdirected." Attempts by the veterans to sue the military have thus far been blocked by a 1950 decision, *Feres vs. United States*, in which the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that the Government cannot be held liable for injuries that a soldier suffers while on duty. In addition, the Veterans Administration has balked at paying for treatment of many ailments that the veterans believe are related to Agent Orange, thus adding to their outrage.

Last week's settlement will not end the fight to have the Government accept some responsibility for the problems ascribed to Agent Orange. Dow Chemical announced that it would sue the Government to recover the money. Some lawyers believe that families of the affected veterans may be entitled to sue the Government even though the *Feres* decision prevents the former soldiers from doing so. Democratic Congressman Thomas Daschle of South Dakota, a Viet Nam veteran, demanded that the Government accept a measure of responsibility and join in providing some compensation. "If the companies can do it, then the Government can as well," said Daschle. He sponsored a bill, which has already passed the House, that would allow service-connected disability benefits for some Agent Orange victims.

To many veterans the possible monetary compensation is less important than winning recognition and respect for their Viet Nam service—something the American public took far too long to grant to those who fought in that divisive war. This yearning too makes some restitution by the Government all the more important. Yannacone said last week that he planned to file a class action on behalf of the wives and children of Viet Nam veterans against the Veterans Administration, the U.S. Public Health Service and the Food and Drug Administration. Said Ryan, whose wife and daughter will be representative plaintiffs in the coming suit: "The trial will take place against the Government. That's where we want our day in court." —By Jacob V. Lamar Jr., Reported by Timothy Loughran and Peter Stoler/New York



Drive-in mushroom cloud: spectators watch a 1957 Nevada test site nuclear blast

Atomic Test Case

For radiation victims, justice a generation later

The nuclear bombs began exploding in the Nevada desert in 1951, when Sheldon Nisson was five. "They used to tell us to get up and watch the blasts," recalls his mother Helen, who still lives in Washington, Utah, some 125 miles downwind from the test site. "We saw the clouds go over all the time. Our children played outside. All the while, the Government kept saying that it wouldn't hurt us." But when the last of 102 mushroom clouds rose above the desert in 1962, Sheldon Nisson was dead from leukemia. His cancer, along with that of nine other victims, Federal District Court Judge Bruce Jenkins ruled last week, resulted from exposure to those drifting clouds of radioactive fallout. The judge found that area residents had not been given sufficient warning about the dangers of radiation and ordered the Government to pay \$2.66 million to the afflicted families.

Jenkins' elaborate 489-page decision, which took 17 months to complete, interspersed his reflections about physics, medicine, probability theory and Greek philosophy with the legal issues at stake. "This case is concerned with atoms, with government, with people, with legal relationships and with social values," he wrote. As evidence that atomic tests cause cancer, Jenkins cited several studies, including one of thousands of Utah residents who lived near the testing area; among those residents the incidence of cancer is 50% greater than normal. Some of the malignancy, Jenkins wrote, "is demonstrated to have been caused more likely than not by nation-state conducted open-air nuclear events."

The Government, Jenkins ruled, did not deliberately expose civilians to radioactivity in the 1950s, as some have suggested, when test bombs were being detonated almost monthly. Nonetheless, officials were negligent. When winds were blowing

eastward from the test site toward the sparsely populated stretches of Utah and northern Arizona, the Government seemed unconcerned. Radiation sensors were few and often operated improperly. And officials disregarded evidence of potential hazards. Said former Interior Secretary Stewart Udall, one of the lawyers for the plaintiffs: "The tragic thing is that all this could have been prevented."

The ten successful plaintiffs were among a vanguard group of 24 whose cases were heard by Jenkins as representative of the claims being made by relatives of 375 cancer victims. In the 14 other cases, the judge decided, atomic radiation was not clearly the cause of cancer. J. MacArthur Wright of St. George, Utah, an attorney who represented the victims, was pleased that Jenkins' decision establishes clear standards for litigating—or settling out of court—the remaining cases. "What I see as important," said Wright, "is that in all of the leukemia cases we tried, the court ruled for us. And in two of the tumor cases, he ruled for us. So in the case of leukemia, thyroid and breast cancers, the judge seems to be saying that there is enough evidence to show that radiation was responsible."

The Government may seek to have each of the remaining cases tried separately. For last week's victorious plaintiffs, a long appeals process is probably inevitable. Jacqueline Sanders, 38, the only living cancer victim involved in the ten winning lawsuits, was booted by the district court ruling nevertheless. She still lives in St. George, where as a six-year-old she watched the tests and subsequently developed thyroid cancer. "The Government takes too many decisions without thinking of the people," she said. "This is just one small way of telling them that their power has just got way too big." —By Kurt Anderson, Reported by Russell Leavitt/Los Angeles

A Mistress's Life and Death

Vicki Morgan's accused killer goes on trial

Much is known about Vicki Morgan's life, perhaps too much. For twelve years she was the lavishly kept mistress of Alfred Bloomingdale. The multimillionaire former head of Diners Club was part of Ronald Reagan's "kitchen cabinet," and his widow Betsy is a close friend of Nancy Reagan's. Shortly before Bloomingdale died of cancer in 1982, Morgan, then 29, filed a \$5 million palimony suit that publicized the lurid details of their affair.

About Vicki Morgan's death, however, far too little is clear. No one disputes that she was clubbed to death in her bed with a baseball bat last July. Her roommate of three weeks, Marvin Pancoast, an emotionally disturbed Hollywood habitué and avowed homosexual, walked into a Los Angeles police station and confessed, "I did it. I killed Vicki." His case went to court last week, but Pancoast has now recanted his confession. His attorney, Arthur Barends, has charged that "persons unknown" killed Morgan to suppress videotapes of her having sex with Bloomingdale and several prominent Government officials.

Such tapes not only would produce a sensational trial but would also send tremors through Washington—if indeed they exist. Barends has had subpoenas issued to the FBI, the CIA and the Los Angeles police department for any videotapes and documents pertaining to Morgan's Washington liaisons. No names were listed in the court documents, but Barends told reporters his client maintains that Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese was among Morgan's filmed partners. Claims Barends: "We have information that the videotapes exist and that the Government has them." Last month Meese told TIME he had never met Vicki Morgan.

Stories about the incriminating footage first surfaced on the day of Morgan's funeral. Robert Steinberg, a Beverly Hills lawyer with a flair for self-promotion, announced that a mysterious blond woman carrying a Gucci bag had handed him three of the videotapes. When he was asked for proof, Steinberg claimed that the tapes had been stolen from his office. A grand jury later indicted him for filing a false robbery report. Marvin Mitchelson, the celebrity divorce lawyer who filed Morgan's palimony suit, insists that a White House aide confirmed over a year ago that there were such tapes.

Despite all the rumors and allegations, there is no evidence that the tapes ever existed. Police, prosecutors and the FBI have all denied any knowledge of them. TIME, in seeking to track down the rumors, interviewed many people who were supposed to have known about the tapes. The investigation uncovered no trace of them.

Whether or not they can convince anyone that there were tapes, Pancoast's

lawyers will try to make Morgan's relationship with Bloomingdale a central focus of the murder trial. Morgan was 17 and married when she met Bloomingdale in 1970. He paid for her divorce and remained an unstinting patron through her two other brief marriages. Morgan received up to \$18,000 a month in allowance from Bloomingdale. She was usually paid by check through one of his companies, in return for her companionship and "therapy" for what she called the aging millionaire's "Marquis de Sade complex." Morgan even accompanied him on many overseas trips, often following him in secret when Betsy Bloomingdale was along.



Marvin Pancoast on his first day in court

"We have information that the videotapes exist and that the Government has them."

Morgan, friends say, also had other rich and powerful friends. For a while she dated the King of Morocco, who showered her with jewelry. During one separation from Bloomingdale in 1975, she moved into the Bel Air mansion of Bernie Cornfeld, after the sybaritic international financier had been released from a Swiss prison. Cornfeld, who then played host to a dozen other women, says that he kept Morgan in a special bedroom, linked to his by a secret passageway.

Morgan frequently boasted to friends about her insider's view of the Reagan White House. While working as an aide on the Reagan campaign, Morgan gossiped about dining with Bloomingdale and Reagan cronies and chaffeurizing Vice Presidential Candidate George Bush around Los Angeles. Recalls Marvin Mitchelson: "She said she knew political and sexual secrets about this Administration that would make Watergate look like a play school."

Bloomingdale hoped that the newly elected Reagan would name him Ambassador to France, and he promised Morgan a minor Government job in Paris. Federal investigators let him know, however, that

his compromising affair made his appointment impossible. TIME has learned that Bloomingdale had been investigated by the FBI as early as the late 1960s, when his name came up in connection with organized-crime figures in Las Vegas. About 15 years ago, Bloomingdale shelled out \$5,000 in blackmail because of his habit of beating up prostitutes. Yet despite that record, he was chosen by Reagan as an appointee to the sensitive Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board in 1981. Bloomingdale fell ill shortly afterward.

Pancoast entered Morgan's life in 1979 when they were both being treated for depression at a private Southern California mental hospital. Pancoast, who



Vicki Morgan at her prime, in Beverly Hills

held a series of minor show-business jobs, helped Morgan gather material for her palimony suit. After she lost the case and was forced to sell her jewelry and Mercedes, he split the rent on her \$1,000-a-month apartment in North Hollywood.

The prosecutors say that they will fight to prevent Pancoast's attorneys from turning the defendant's murder trial into an exposé of the relationship between Vicki Morgan and Alfred Bloomingdale. There is no evidence of a conspiracy behind Morgan's sad, shabby death. But the prosecution's case against Pancoast is far from ironclad. Beyond his now repudiated confession, there is no hard evidence. A strong motive has not been established, and the investigation of the case was strikingly inept. The police neglected to seal off the scene of the crime and did not recover any fingerprints from the bloodied baseball bat. Nor did the district attorney's office interview a number of material witnesses at the time. Deputy District Attorney Stanley Weisberg lamely explains, "We had other cases more important than this one."

—By Alessandra Stanley, Reported by Jonathan Beatty and Steven Holmes/Los Angeles

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a breakthrough proportions.

The new Apple IIc Personal Computer.

It's 12" x 11 1/4" x 2 3/4".

It weighs less than 8 pounds.*

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It's a direct descendant of the world's most popular personal computer, the Apple IIe.

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128K of internal memory—twice the power of computers twice its size.

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could cost \$400 if it weren't.

And built-in connections that let you add printers, phone modems and an extra disk drive without adding \$150 goodies called "interface cards."



Two views of the IIc, shown here with its perfect match—the IIc 9" Monitor

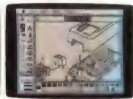
You can also plug in an AppleMouse—that little device that lets you tell a computer what you want simply by pointing.



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MousePaint* can draw out your artistic talents.

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Small as it is, the Apple IIc is very easy to find—at over 3,000 authorized Apple dealers

world-wide. So come in and get your hands on one.

You'll find it's a lot bigger than it looks.



*Don't asterisks make you suspicious as all get-out? Well, all this one means is that the IIc alone weighs 7.5 pounds. The power pack, monitor, an extra disk drive, a printer and several bricks will make the IIc weigh more. Our lawyers were concerned that you might not be able to figure this out for yourself. **The FTC is concerned about price fixing. So this is only a Suggested Retail Price. You can pay more if you really want to. Or less. © 1984 Apple Computer, Inc. Apple, the Apple logo and MousePaint are trademarks of Apple Computer, Inc. For an authorized Apple dealer nearest you, call (800) 538-9696. In Canada, call (800) 268-7796 or (800) 268-7637.

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With more new policies being offered today than ever before, The Bankers Life of Des Moines knows that people are confused by the different kinds of life insurance and just which kind of coverage is best for their family or business needs.

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A little time spent with this guide could save you a lot of money over your lifetime by making you better able to discuss your needs with your agent...even if he, or she, isn't one of ours. You'll certainly feel more comfortable knowing why the particular policy you buy is best for you now...and probably in the future.

THE BANKERS LIFE
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"No Enemies"

Nixon meets the press

The scene conjured up images of Daniel in the lions' den: former President Richard Nixon addressing more than 800 of the nation's top journalists, including some who had written highly critical stories about his presidency. Instead of animosity, however, Nixon drew long, enthusiastic applause from editors and reporters attending the annual meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors (ASNE) in Washington last week. Said Creed Black, outgoing ASNE president and publisher of the Lexington (Ky.) *Herald-Leader*: "He gave a virtuoso performance."

Nixon most impressed the editors with an informed survey of American foreign policy, which he delivered without notes. He backed President Reagan's defense buildup as necessary to match the Soviets'. But Nixon also called for annual summit meetings between the U.S. and the Soviet leaders to defuse tensions and replace confrontation with "detente, peaceful competition, a cold peace."

After a sweeping state-by-state political analysis, he predicted that Walter Mondale will be the Democratic nominee, sharing the ticket with either Colorado Senator Gary Hart or Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen. And the November winner? Reagan by a whisker. "I wouldn't bet the farm on it, but I'd bet the main house," said Nixon. "I wouldn't even bet the out-house on Mondale."

Cold peace

The editors asked Nixon repeatedly about Watergate. Characteristically, he brushed them off. "I think ten years of Watergate is enough," he said. When Robert Phelps, former executive editor of the Boston *Globe*, asked about the Nixon Administration's so-called enemies list, which included some of the journalists in the room, Nixon said that others in the White House had drawn up the list and insisted, "As far as I am concerned now, I have no enemies in the press whatsoever."

It was the first time that Nixon has appeared before a press group since November 1973, when he delivered his notorious "I am not a crook" speech to an Associated Press managing editors' conference. ASNE President Black said all living former Presidents and Ronald Reagan had been invited to address the meeting, but only Nixon accepted. Confessed Black: "I didn't know how it would go off." Judging by the reaction, Nixon may have achieved his own cold peace with the Fourth Estate. Said *Christian Science Monitor* Editor Katherine W. Fanning: "For him to be able to stand in front of his severest and, in some ways, most vicious critics, and show such resilience, was quite extraordinary." ■

Why the Criticisms Don't Stick

The notion that Ronald Reagan by some alchemy is a "Teflon President," one with some sort of magical resistance to being stained by his own actions, is a natural precipitate of the high-tech political generation. The idea is glitzy, and probably wrong.

The popularity of the Reagan presidency and every other one is better explained by basic physics. The specific gravity of Reagan's achievements still is greater than that of his failures. If the balance changes in the dark of some night in these next months, then every goof he has ever made, every policy that has failed, every misadventure that has brushed against and even his beguiling smile will become objects of loathing. It could happen.

It is almost impossible to predict when the public will decide that a President is more loser than winner. But the people let the White House know in a hurry when they make up their minds. It was some time in 1966 that Lyndon Johnson got the word that the Viet Nam War outweighed his Great Society. Then his funny accent and his habitual fibbing, which hadn't angered that many folks, became the focus of derision. None of Richard Nixon's political excesses kept him from crushing George McGovern in 1972. By the summer of 1973 the bulk of the Watergate crimes was beginning to crush him despite his stunning achievements in foreign policy. Every old sin, real and imagined, rose like a specter in the public revolution. For Jimmy Carter it was about the time when interest rates and inflation were both hovering near 20%, the Soviets were machine-gunning their way around Afghanistan and American hostages were being held in Iran that a lot of Americans abruptly decided that his blue jeans were really tacky, his goodness unreal and his amazing ability to absorb facts unproductive.

Achieving this unhappy state of rejection is not all that easy since the U.S. desperately wants its Presidents to succeed. Too often political critics measure a President against perfection. The public does not. Voters, after all, must choose a warm body rather than an ideal. The scrutiny given the presidential contenders reveals each one's strengths and weaknesses, which are then compared.

A presidential campaign is by nature an exercise in negativism, this year more than ever. Reagan has made many blunders, from his tax and budget formulas to his press conference fictions to the tragedy in Lebanon, on through his insensitivity to blacks and women and the shady dealings of a host of his aides. Yet these so far simply do not outweigh the reductions in interest rates and inflation, dealing with the striking air-traffic controllers, restraining Government spending, enhancing American power, emplacing new NATO missiles and fighting in Grenada.

Washington, which often seems to substitute a box score for a mind, has trouble realizing that much weight is also given in the presidency to optimism, good cheer, obvious enjoyment of the job, grace, personal kindness, decisiveness, boldness, individuality and other rather misty elements. They add up to leadership, which is always imperfect but nevertheless creates a national momentum and vitality.

Those who believe that Reagan's popularity comes from a Teflon magic refuse to acknowledge his gains and exaggerate his failures. Mayors who feared that federal aid cuts would bankrupt their cities now run surpluses. The estimates by Reagan's critics that 3 million people are homeless proved to be overblown by tenfold. Such attacks diminish the true anguish of the needy and insult American intelligence.

Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., author of some of the most eloquent and telling critiques of the Reagan Administration, wrote in the *Wall Street Journal* that those who would depose the man in the White House had better begin "by recognizing why Mr. Reagan has been so effective as President." The Teflon tag is a slick stump slogan and it may stick to Reagan, but it does not really explain the political struggle that is going on.



Keeping the balance in his favor



WALTER MONDALE



The winner: President-Elect José Napoleón Duarte atop the shoulders of supporters at Christian Democratic headquarters after the voting

CENTRAL AMERICA

Voting for Moderation

As Duarte wins in El Salvador, Reagan scores a narrow victory in Congress

For months the twin political battles had raged in the dusty civic plazas of Central America and in the ornate lobbies on Capitol Hill. Hanging in the balance was the future of El Salvador, a nation in desperate search of an exit from its 4½-year civil war. Just as much in question was the fate of the Reagan Administration's controversial efforts to protect U.S. security interests in Central America.

By last week, both of those drawn-out contests had arrived, if not at a conclusion, then at an important new threshold. In El Salvador, war-weary citizens once again flocked in impressive numbers to the polls to elect, as their President, José Napoleón Duarte, 58, a man who held out the promise of political reconciliation. Yet before the results were even announced, they were already being hotly contested.

In Washington, meanwhile, the Administration made a substantial breach in the wall of congressional resistance to its military and economic support for El Salvador after President Reagan warned, in a hard-line appeal on nationwide television, that failure to break a partisan deadlock posed an apocalyptic threat: that "100 million people from Panama to the open border on our south could come under the control of pro-Soviet regimes." In a 212-to-208 vote, the House of Representatives approved a foreign aid bill containing about

\$170 million in military aid for El Salvador.

Serving as the backdrop on both fronts was the spectacle of Salvadoran democracy's springing into fragile bloom. For the second time in two months, the country's voters had demonstrated their willingness to take their future into their own hands. In even greater numbers than in the chaotic initial round of U.S.-backed balloting on March 25, Salvadorans trudged to the polling booths in 221 of the country's 261 municipalities to choose a President freely for the first time in half a century.

The loser: ARENA's Roberto d'Aubuisson



In all, some 1.5 million citizens, or roughly 80% of those registered to cast their mandatory vote, took part in the surprisingly trouble-free runoff that capped five weeks of vitriolic campaigning. Tallying the official results proved to be arduous. By Friday, after election officials hand-counted the votes from 5,448 ballot boxes, Duarte, leader of the center-left Christian Democratic Party, had won a decisive victory over his archrival, Roberto d'Aubuisson, 40, of the ultra-rightist Nationalist Republican Alliance (ARENA). The results: Duarte 53.6%, D'Aubuisson 46.4%.

One of the strongest early indications that Duarte had won handily came from D'Aubuisson. The morning after the polls closed, the slight, nervous former intelligence major appeared at his party's heavily guarded headquarters in the capital, San Salvador, to make what amounted—almost—to a defiant concession of defeat. Said he: "Our party will work with Duarte if he wins. But if he wins over us, it will be by a slim margin. We remain a real political force in this country that can't be ignored."

By the next day, ARENA was doing its utmost to confuse the outcome of what had been an orderly and largely fraud-free election. D'Aubuisson called a press conference to charge that the U.S. was meddling in the election, and that a U.S. embassy official had served improperly as

a consultant to the country's Central Election Commission. ARENA's official scrutineer was finally ejected by the election commission for repeatedly interrupting the vote-counting process. D'Aubuisson also claimed, without offering proof, that the U.S. had "fixed" the election, and declared that "we are not going to validate this puppet. Mr. Duarte, who they say has been bought by the CIA so it can maintain its interests." At week's end ARENA declared that it would refuse to recognize the election results. Meanwhile, the possibility of CIA involvement in Duarte's election campaign was also being discussed in the U.S. Senate (see box).

The new CIA controversy may have cast a slight shadow over the election outcome, but it did not obscure the achievement of the election. Whatever the Reagan Administration may have spent covertly on campaign activity, the U.S. saw its roughly \$7 million investment in the mechanics of the balloting resoundingly vindicated. In contrast to the rhetoric of the campaign, when Duarte supporters called their opponents ARENAZIS and D'Aubuisson campaign workers accused the Christian Democratic leader of being a Communist who would hand the country over to the guerrillas, election day was part festival, part family outing. As street vendors hawked *popusas* (stuffed corncakes) and ice cream near polling stations, uniformed soldiers casually stood by. Voters chatted, joked and waited patiently in line for hours to cast their votes under the watchful gaze of *vigilantes* (poll watchers) decked out in the red-white-and-blue colors of ARENA or the dark green of the Christian Democrats. Election lines moved smoothly, and most of the voting was completed well before the 6 p.m. deadline. Said José Antín Herrera, an election council official in the town of Ilobasco, 35 miles northeast of San Salvador: "We belong to different parties, but we're all Salvadorans. There are no problems here."

More significant, the enthusiastic turnout provoked a near invisible response from the guerrillas of the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (F.M.L.N.). Thoroughly unsuccessful last March in their efforts to bully and intimidate voters away from the polls, the guerrillas hardly tried to block last week's runoff. Their disruptive efforts were limited to a few scattered acts of sabotage and isolated attacks on polling areas that left five government troops and six guerrillas dead or wounded. A few guerrillas went door to door in communities with leaflets urging people not to vote. Once the balloting was over, however, the guerrillas returned to the offensive, blowing up power stations outside San Salvador and the regional center San Miguel. Late last week a five-member commando group of guerrillas held 73 people hostage for a day in a su-

permarket in San Salvador, after police foiled a rebel holdup. Eventually, the guerrillas gave up the hostages in exchange for an offer of refuge in Mexico.

While the guerrillas showed their disdain, American visitors expressed non-partisan delight over the election process. U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador Thomas Pickering took 41 official U.S. observers, including Senators Pete Wilson of California and John Chafee of Rhode Island and a group of Congressmen, around to watch the balloting. Said Chafee: "Anybody who looks at this and fails to be impressed is just immune to sensitivity." Agreed Angier Biddle Duke, a Democrat who had served as Ambassador to El Salvador in 1952-53: "The U.S. spent chicken feed here, and in return for that investment we have seen El Salvador take a

quantum leap forward in its democratic process. Americans can take pride in helping El Salvador take its place among the democratic nations of the world." Upon their return to the U.S., the official observers issued a joint statement calling the election an "overwhelming repudiation" of the guerrillas.

President Reagan expressed that theme, though in much stronger and more sweeping terms, during his TV address. Reagan has been frustrated, above all, by the determined resistance of the House to his requests for \$62 million in emergency military aid for El Salvador and \$21 million in funding for the Administration's not so secret war against Nicaragua's Sandinista government. Those funds have been approved by the Republican-controlled Senate, but House Speaker Thom-



Inking a finger to prevent double voting; a soldier keeps order at the polls



Making a choice at the ballot box

Democracy in fragile bloom.

as P. O'Neill, a firm opponent of Reagan's policies in Central America, has blocked a congressional conference that could release the money. After a meeting with Reagan on Tuesday, however, House Majority Leader James Wright of Texas said that it was time to stop the policy of "not giving [the Salvadoran army] enough to win but giving them enough not to lose."

The next day Reagan used almost exactly those words during a half-hour nationally televised speech. "We have provided just enough aid to avoid outright disaster, but not enough to resolve the crisis, so El Salvador is being left to slowly bleed to death," he declared. Conveying both anger and urgency, the President painted a harsh picture of Soviet, Cuban and Nicaraguan attempts to "spread Communism by force throughout the hemisphere." Alternately evoking that alarming picture and declaring the Administration's commitment to programs of long-term, peaceful economic and social assistance for Central America, Reagan implicitly justified his Administration's policy of CIA-backed war-

World

fare against Nicaragua. He summed up his challenge to Congress in martial terms: "Will we support freedom in this hemisphere or not? Will we defend our vital interests in this hemisphere or not? Will we stop the spread of Communism in this hemisphere or not? Will we act while there is still time?"

Between the euphoria of the Salvadoran election outcome and the urgency of Reagan's address, the Administration's pitch to Congress produced a quick success. The Representatives attached only a relatively mild proviso to the aid bill, requiring the President to report periodically on El Salvador's progress in ending human rights abuses, most notably those of the country's predominantly right-wing death squads (see following story). Said a senior State Department official: "That's the best of both worlds."

Administration pleasure over the congressional action was tempered, but only slightly, by a minor judicial defeat in the International Court of Justice in The Hague. In its first deliberative action on Nicaragua's April 9 complaint about the CIA-directed mining of its harbors, the court's 15 judges ruled that the U.S. should immediately halt any attempts to blockade or mine those ports. State Department Spokesman John Hughes declared that there was nothing in the ruling "inconsistent with current U.S. policy or activities" toward Nicaragua, a tacit acknowledgment that the U.S. broke off the controversial mining a month ago. The court's ruling was not binding in any way.

Nothing in Hughes' statement, however, indicated that the Administration was about to end any of its other "covert" activities against Nicaragua. Indeed, late last week there were indications that the three major bands of *contra* guerrillas, totaling some 12,000, based along Nicaragua's northern and southern borders, were once again trying to form a unified command structure. That effort continued to fail, largely because of internal bickering and jealousies.

In El Salvador, seeking peace while coping with a growing war will be the fundamental challenge facing the nation's new President after his June 1 inauguration. As Duarte has put it, "All the world knows this country is completely divided. We have to set forth with hope and tolerance to cure these divisions." At a Christian Democratic victory party after Sunday's election, he told his



Envoy Pickering, right, and Senator Wilson greet a Salvadoran commander

cheering followers: "The solution here is democracy, not more violence."

Short, stocky and legendarily headstrong, Duarte can claim a multiple perspective on his socially stratified land. The son of a mildly prosperous candy manufacturer, Duarte almost always chooses to stress his mother's humble background, at various times citing her occupation as a domestic servant, seamstress and food vendor in local markets. A 1948 civil engineering graduate of the University of Notre Dame, where he picked up an enthusiasm for basketball, Duarte returned to marry his San Salvador high school sweetheart and settled comfortably into a job with her father's thriving construction firm. Duarte made his first mark on the capital in the '50s by helping to build close to a dozen of the city's landmark public buildings.

In 1960 Duarte began to give up engineering for politics. He helped to found the local Christian Democratic Party, becoming its first leader. Three years later he was elected mayor of San Salvador, a position he held until 1970. Rigorously honest, Duarte won admirers among the

city's lower and middle classes by building open-air markets for street vendors and reforming a corrupt municipal administration. He also made enemies among the wealthy by instituting San Salvador's first municipal tax to stave off bankruptcy.

In 1972 Duarte ran for President against Colonel Arturo Armando Molina Baraza, the candidate of El Salvador's ruling military-landowner alliance. Duarte's running mate was a high school chum, Guillermo Ungo.* Conservative businessmen were aghast at the duo's election promises of land reform and support for organized labor, and by the fact that a front organization for the illegal Communist Party was participating in its National Opposition Union. When Duarte appeared to be pulling into the lead, the government blacked out television coverage of the ballot counting and announced the following day that Molina had won by 22,000 votes.

A month later Duarte incautiously gave vocal support to a coup by young, reform-minded Salvadoran army officers. When the revolt was crushed, Duarte was hauled from his sanctuary in a Venezuelan diplomatic residence, held incommunicado and brutally beaten. His cheekbones still bear indentations from that torture. Telegrams from Pope Paul VI, Richard Nixon and Notre Dame President Theodore Hesburgh brought about his release; Duarte spent the next seven years in exile in Venezuela.

In 1979 reformist military officers ousted Molina's successor, General Carlos Humberto Romero Mena. A year later Duarte became the junta President. He helped begin a sweeping land reform and the nationalization of local banks and export industries, thereby further alienating the oligarchy. Conservatives began calling Duarte a "watermelon"—Christian

Democratic green on the outside, red on the inside—especially during the recent election campaign, when he declared that he favored a national "dialogue." What Duarte meant was that he would seek to create a climate in which any rebels who wanted to reject violence could return to take part in future democratic elections. Says Duarte: "Those who reject the political process and remain in the mountains will be nothing more than outlaws. I will not negotiate with



A guerrilla hands out antielection leaflets in a village near San Salvador

Says Duarte: "Those who reject the political process will be outlaws."

*Ungo, a Social Democrat, joined forces with the guerrillas in 1980 and has now become their chief political spokesman.

guns on the table." So far, the guerrillas' response to Duarte's overtures has been a series of radio broadcasts denouncing him as a tool of "imperialist intervention."

Duarte faces a host of other problems. Partly because guerrillas have destroyed numerous power lines, bridges and crops, and partly because so much Salvadoran capital has left the country, El Salvador's economy is in ruins. Local experts consider it a triumph that the country showed no decline in growth last year; in the previous four years, the economy shrank 25%. During the same period, average per capita income fell 33%, to about \$475 annually. Unemployment and underemployment hover at about 45%, even though an estimated 750,000 Salvadorans have fled the country. Duarte's solution is to stimulate employment with public works programs and a liberal policy of lending money to small businesses.

Duarte also faces problems within one of his own political bastions, organized labor. In the past three years, Salvadoran prices have risen 98%; the government has allowed wage increases of only 20% for private sector workers and 10% for the public sector. Prior to the March 25 election round, bank and water works employees in San Salvador struck to protest the wage situation. In that climate of frustration there is danger that the guerrillas will achieve their goal of winning substantial support within the labor movement.

In the end, Duarte's strongest ally may be the 41,000-member armed forces that nearly killed him twelve years ago.

Most of El Salvador's 14 departmental commanders are pledged to support the new government. Those known to favor D'Aubuisson are expected to be transferred to harmless administrative jobs or to embassies abroad. One reason for the armed forces' anticipated compliance is the promise of additional U.S. military aid; last week the Salvadoran army began taking delivery of \$32 million worth of ammunition and field equipment.

With more military supplies coming in, the Salvadoran army may pursue the antiguerrilla war more aggressively. According to the Reagan Administration, the rebels are stockpiling Cuban-supplied armaments in anticipation of a major offensive in the fall. The combination of Duarte's political victory and the Administration's gains on Capitol Hill are worrisome to a Salvadoran Jesuit scholar, who says, "The electoral process has been a tremendous success. My problem is what will come out of it. I'm afraid our recent advance toward greater democracy will only lead to a more sophisticated war." Duarte, whose own harsh experiences with Salvadoran reality may have tempered his sense of impatience, responds that "we are trying to get the people back to having faith and hope. We cannot offer miracles." But to pull El Salvador out of its violent maelstrom, something close to a miracle may be necessary.

—By George Russell.

Reported by David DeVoss/San Salvador and Barrett Soaman/Washington

A Little Help from Friends

"The U.S. Government has scrupulously avoided taking sides in the Salvadoran election."

—State Department Spokesman John Hughes, May 4

"Insofar as the State Department is concerned, there's absolutely no funding to Mr. Duarte or, indeed, any party. Obviously we can't speak for the CIA."

—John Hughes, May 9

As Hughes abruptly began backpedaling last week, yet another development in Central America became the focus of suspicion and dispute in Washington. Only two days after the Salvadoran election, Republican Senator Jesse Helms claimed that he had uncovered "a covert plan" under which CIA funds were directly funneled into the campaign of Christian Democrat José Napoleón Duarte. Said



Putting money to work during the campaign

Helms: "The State Department and the CIA bought Mr. Duarte lock, stock and barrel." Yet the fact that the ultraconservative North Carolinian, who openly supported Duarte's rightist adversary Roberto D'Aubuisson, took the lead on the issue may have muted the impact of the revelation.

It has, of course, been no secret that the Reagan Administration was hoping for a victory by the Christian Democrats. It has also been open knowledge in San Salvador that the Venezuelan Institute of Popular Education (IVEPO) has been used as a conduit for foreign assistance to the Christian Democrats. This became visible last February when Duarte's ill-funded party suddenly began using glossy posters, lavish billboards and slick TV ads. D'Aubuisson's Nationalist Republican Alliance (ARENA) retaliated by running a newspaper ad accusing the Venezuelan government of meddling in Salvadoran affairs. On Saturday, in another full-page ad, ARENA directly charged the CIA with channeling funds to Duarte's campaign.

Last week, however, Washington was abuzz with news that the CIA had influenced the campaign without going through foreign channels. Three members of the Senate Intelligence Committee confirmed to TIME that a CIA official had told the committee two weeks ago that the agency has subsidized the Christian Democrats and two smaller parties. The funds amounted to at least \$2 million. The campaign against D'Aubuisson was conducted in accordance with a presidential "finding" in March 1981 that directed the CIA to combat Marxism in Central America through a variety of means, including election financing. In reply to the charge, Duarte simply answered, "I have no information about that."

Although few people believed Duarte's demurrals, even liberal Democrats conceded that CIA funding of the Christian Democrats was probably necessary to cancel out the money being poured into ARENA coffers by right-wing oligarchs in El Salvador and in exile in Florida. It is not unusual for governments to back their favorite candidates in other countries; West European parties in power often send funds to sister groups abroad. Nonetheless, the recent revelations unsettled quite a few members of Congress, who grumbled that the CIA had once again neglected to keep Congress fully informed of its activities.

The Administration seemed to appreciate the sensitivity of the issue. Initially, the President had been expected to use last week's address on Central America to eulogize Duarte and to extol the triumph of democracy in El Salvador. But the White House apparently decided that any sweeping affirmation of Duarte's victory might backfire in the light of revelations about CIA support. During his speech, the President did not once mention Duarte by name.

The White Hands of Death

Can the new President curb his country's murder squads?

He seems the very model of military rectitude. Sitting straight as a dagger behind his steel desk, hands clasped in front of him and mustache neatly trimmed, Sergeant José Antonio Rivas explains that he is the "maximum authority" in Metalio, a Salvadoran seaside village of 6,000. Several members of his ten-man army unit listen, fingering their weapons, as Rivas boasts that Metalio remains untouched by his country's cyclones of violence. "This is a very peaceful place," he says with a smile, his gold-capped teeth glinting in the light. "We treat the civilian population well, so we in turn are well treated. I am friends with everyone. Ask people. They will tell you."

What the people tell is a far different story. According to some Metalio residents, Rivas and his crew make up one of the country's dreaded *escuadrones de la muerte*, or death squads, responsible for more than 200 killings during the past four years. The terror comes not just from the horrible ways in which people die, but from the utter randomness of who is killed. Motives can range from suspicion of "subversion" to jealousy over a girlfriend to settling a grudge to no reason at all. Fear has bullied Metalio into an eerily subdued place of whispers and furtive glances. "Rivas and his men are animals—no, worse," says a young man softly. "I wish I could tell them what I really think of them, but that would be like asking for a death sentence."

Confronted with the accusation, Rivas moves uneasily in his chair. "I have not touched anyone," he says. He insists that not a single homicide has occurred during his four years at Metalio. Glancing around at his men, Rivas adds, "We are all clean. We have not harmed anyone."

The village of Metalio symbolizes one of the most daunting challenges facing President-elect José Napoleón Duarte: how to handle the country's death squads, those bands of killers, some with links to the military, that have terrorized the Salvadoran people as much as the guerrillas have. A vociferous critic of the murderous crews, Duarte pledged during the campaign to set up a commission to investigate the most notorious killings. Duarte's progress will be carefully monitored by Capitol Hill, where many legislators have tied their support of further military aid for El Salvador to progress in diminishing the violence. Congressional outrage has been fueled by the Salvadoran failure so far to bring to trial the accused killers of

four American churchwomen in 1980 and two U.S. land-reform advisers in 1981.

Duarte's task is complicated by the fact that so much is unknown or unprovable about the squads. Even the death toll is a matter of debate. *Tutela Legal*, the human rights office of the archdiocese of San Salvador, claims that during the last six months of 1983, 2,615 civilians were killed "by the army, security forces, and paramilitary squads allied with them," up from 2,527 during the first half of 1983. This year, the organization contends, the tide is still rising: 241 dead in January,



A dreaded death-squad signature on the door of a slain Salvadoran
A fear that can bully a town into whispers and furtive glances.

269 in February, 407 in March. Though State Department officials do not contest *Tutela Legal's* overall statistics, they point out that the group lumps together all civilian casualties, including Salvadoran civilians killed during combat. Says a State Department spokesman: "There are two distinct problems. There are people killed by the military and paramilitary forces in bombings and shellings. We can't verify that every bomb hits the right target, but this is very different from dragging people out of their houses."

The State Department declines to combine all civilian deaths under one label while a war is going on. Its analysts put the 1983 total at 1,686. According to Washington's figures, 96 people were killed by death squads last January, compared with 228 during the same month a year earlier, 279 in January 1982, and 665 in January 1981. Though the toll hit 100 in March, Administration officials claim the long-term trend is downward. "The figures are all guesstimates because there

isn't any system of justice left in El Salvador," says Richard Millett, a Central American expert at Southern Illinois University. "Anybody can be killed with virtual impunity. You do not want to investigate because you might find out, and finding out can itself be fatal."

The problem with all these figures is that they are useless in determining how many of the killings are political. In the climate of violence that has characterized El Salvador for decades, the pettiest disputes are settled permanently by gun or knife. In many cases the death squads have murdered people not for ideological reasons but for personal ones. In other cases, death squads have no role whatsoever. Rumors occasionally circulate about how this businessman or that official found with *EM* (for *escuadrón de la muerte*) carved on his chest was actually killed by a jealous husband or business rival. Sometimes the only thing clear is that something unspeakably horrible has happened. In one incident, three soldiers were arrested for raping and killing a young girl in the provincial capital of San Vicente in late 1983. They claimed the victim had been a "subversive," but according to the girl's family her only crime was that she had repeatedly resisted the advances of one of the soldiers.

A full accounting of death squad activity is impossible, but patterns can be discerned. While President Reagan has suggested that the left is sponsoring squads to smear the right, both the U.S. embassy and *Tutela Legal* put civilian deaths attributable to the guerrillas at a fraction of those assigned to right-wing packs. Nonetheless, the rebels frequently execute alleged army collaborators, including villagers who gave either information or food to passing patrols. A hit team from a major guerrilla group, the Popular Liberation Front (FPL), killed U.S. Navy Lieut. Albert Schauffelberger last May, while a splinter faction called the Revolutionary Workers' Movement has claimed credit for murdering two politicians.

The rightist death squads are not a monolith controlled by a diabolical hand. Some are composed of soldiers, while others are made up of "off-duty" policemen, sons of wealthy landowners or simply hired thugs. Though some of the military brass may sympathize with and tolerate the teams, a chain of command has never been proved. Last fall, peasant union leaders accused the directors of the intelligence departments of the treasury police, the national guard and the national police of being linked to the squads; after Washington pressed for their removal, Defense Minister Carlos Eugenio Vides Casanova transferred them.

Nicolás Carranza, head of the tra-

sury police, admits that some of the intelligence-gathering cells under his command evolved into hit squads, but he denies direct knowledge. National Police Director Colonel Carlos Reynaldo López Nuila insists that he knows nothing about the murders, but nonetheless, suspects are tortured and killed in police compounds. Even Defense Minister Vidés Casanova is not untainted: from 1979 to 1983 he served as director of the national guard.

Still scarred by the rash of kidnappings in the late 1970s, many of the wealthy employbodyguards, who may turn into killers. Policemen, who earn about \$70 a month, can be hired to perform a beating for \$10 or a murder for \$20. Settling a dispute by legal means is practically unheard of. Says Historian Thomas P. Anderson, author of several books on Central America: "Where we in the U.S. would go to court to settle a claim, down there they just shoot them."

Death gangs run by the security forces are more visible in the countryside, where, as in Metalio, they can brutalize an entire town. Rivas and his men allegedly don civilian clothes and masks before conducting a nighttime hit, while other times they show up at a house in broad daylight and full uniform to take someone away for "questioning." A favorite dumping ground is a shallow estuary near by, but sometimes the burial technique is grislier. Several heads were once discovered stuffed in cloth bags and neatly aligned in a field, while the bodies were scattered around the town. Rivas reportedly told one person of how ten bodies from Metalio were heaped in a nearby village last year, prompting the military commander to complain, "If you are going to kill them in your area, dig your own holes."

Many of the murders are carried out by clandestine teams from the intelligence-gathering departments of battalions called Section 2 (S-2), specially trained soldiers who make their rounds dressed in civvies and often wearing wigs. They rely on town spies, or *orejas* (ears), to tell them of suspicious persons, who are then picked up for what is often a fatal interrogation. Says a Salvadoran who served in a battalion until last month: "It is not good to ask about them, because they will even kill other soldiers who they think are too curious."

The ties between the police forces and the death squads are rooted in Salvadoran history. Created in 1912, the national guard often acted as a private security force for the country's landowners, who helped to pay the salaries; when peasant uprisings got out of hand, the landlords organized bands of vigilantes to assist the guardsmen. In 1932, when Farabundo Martí, the father of El Salvador's revolu-

tionary movement, led a revolt, paramilitary squads were sanctioned to aid the army in squashing the rebellion. The estimated toll: at least 10,000. The lines between official and illegal violence blurred further after the National Democratic Organization (ORDEN) was formed in the mid-1960s. ORDEN's dual purpose was to teach peasants about the evils of Communism and train them to watch out for subversives. But under the direction of a fistful of national guard intelligence officers, the group had deteriorated into a ruthless militia numbering between 50,000 and 100,000. One of the commanders: Roberto d'Aubuisson.

Violence assumed the proportions of a



Relatives of the "missing" grimly consult an album of victims
The terror comes from the utter randomness of who is killed.

national policy in the 1970s, when the government was besieged by the right and the left. ANESAL, the Salvadoran national security agency, targeted victims, while ORDEN carried out the killings. Military and police intelligence officers were in touch with both groups, and occasionally they received assistance from right-wing political organizations alarmed by the rising level of anarchy. Out of this explosion of terror came a death squad trademark that is branded forever in the psyche of the nation: *mano blanco*, a pair of painted hands splattered across a door or wall announcing a fresh kill. The reformist coup of 1979 brought an official end to ANESAL and ORDEN, but by then most army battalions and police brigades had their own intelligence departments devoted to tracking down and often eliminating

"subversives." Present and former members of these crews, along with goons hired by private groups, are responsible for most of the death squad killing today.

D'Aubuisson has never been conclusively linked to death squad atrocities. He retired after the 1979 coup, but within weeks he was appearing on television, his time paid for by rich landowners, naming opponents inside and outside the new government as "subversives." A disturbing trend developed: some of those he mentioned were murdered shortly afterward. Calling D'Aubuisson "a pathological killer," former U.S. Ambassador Robert E. White has accused him of masterminding the March 1980 assassination of Archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero. White could never prove his charge, but allegations continue to haunt D'Aubuisson and his associates. Several members of his ARENA party are suspected of ties to the murder teams, as is Hector Antonio Regalado, the former security chief for the Constituent Assembly. Again, nothing has ever been proved.

Last December, Vice President George Bush read the riot act to government and military leaders in San Salvador, privately naming names and demanding action by January. Yet even State Department officials who defend the Administration's overall position acknowledge that Washington has sent too many "mixed signals." Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense Nestor Sanchez, for example, has stated repeatedly that the U.S.'s first priority is the protection of El Salvador against Communism, a remark that some Salvadorans have interpreted to mean that the Administration, feeling forced to pick between two evils, would tolerate death squads rather than see the country fall to the guerrillas.

In a region scarred by violence, El Salvador is the most blood-drenched country by far. Duarte's success in crushing the

squads will hinge on how well he establishes his authority over the armed forces. No civilian in Salvadoran history has ever won control over the military, but Duarte's U.S. backing, from both the White House and Congress, gives him unprecedented clout. Duarte has promised to start rooting out the deadly henchmen by disbanding the treasury police, allegedly the most brutish of the security forces. Bringing the killers to justice, however, is another story. The saddest legacy of El Salvador's recent past may be how many have been cowed into silence. As a villager in Metalio put it, "The best thing to do is forget about it, because if you open your mouth you are asking for death."

—By James Kelly,
Reported by Ricardo Chivira/San Salvador
and Barrett Seaman/Washington



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World

PANAMA

Uneasy Victory

Violence disturbs an election

It was to have been a chance to prove that after 16 years of military rule, Panamanians were ready to elect their next President. But scarcely 26 hours after the polls had closed, the electoral experiment began to slide into the kind of political violence and chaos that torments the rest of Central America. As the National Tabulating Board laboriously hand-tallied several hundred thousand votes and inexplicably delayed announcing even partial results, supporters of Arnulfo Arias Madrid, 82, took to the streets to protest what they claimed was a clumsy attempt by his opponents to steal the election.

Outside Panama City's Legislative Palace, where votes were being counted, Arias' backers clashed with supporters of Nicolás ("Nicky") Ardito Barletta, 45, the candidate of the military-backed National Democratic Union. Throughout the night, roving gangs from both sides barricaded downtown streets, looting shops and burning debris. Several times they were scattered by sniper fire that erupted from nearby buildings. The toll in one night of rioting: one dead, 41 wounded.

Although the vote count was not final, by week's end it appeared that Ardito Barletta, an economist who had served as a vice president of the World Bank until last February, would score a narrow victory over Arias, a Harvard-educated physician who leads the conservative Alliance of Democratic Opposition. But the real victor would most likely be the 12,000-man National Defense Forces,



Ardito Barletta

Arias

Panama's only security force. Ostensibly the election was to be the first step toward removing the military from politics, under the provisions of the constitutional reforms approved by referendum in 1982. In fact, Ardito Barletta was hand-picked by the military because of his solid economic background. Drab and bureaucratic, he failed to arouse much passion during the campaign.

Arias proved to be a strong opponent despite some definite handicaps of age: he is nearly blind, walks with considerable difficulty and speaks in a barely audible, hoarse whisper. His legend, however, preceded him. He has been elected President three times (in 1940, 1949 and 1968) and overthrown by the military three times. Yet people remember him for having declared Spanish the official language of Panama and for originally giving women the vote in 1941. Arias' campaign was unabashedly anti-Communist and pro-Reagan. Nonetheless, many Panamanians suspected that Arias might be overthrown again if he won.

Even with the support of the military, Ardito Barletta will face a difficult five-year term. He will have to deal with a stagnant economy, a foreign debt of \$3.3 billion and pressing social problems, such as unemployment and lack of adequate housing and medical care. To continue the return to civilian rule, he will gently have to nudge the military out of politics but without provoking his own overthrow. Said Ardito Barletta last week: "One must treat the military well so that the military will treat the government well." He might soon be saying the same thing about Panamanian voters.

There was no such controversy last week in Ecuador, which held its second presidential election since the military gave up power in 1979. Conservative Businessman León Febres Cordero defeated his center-left opponent, Rodrigo Borja Cevallos, by fewer than 100,000 of the 2.9 million ballots cast, but the vote occurred without incident and the armed forces did not intervene. When the result was announced, outgoing President Osvaldo Hurtado Larrea, who had quietly favored Borja, declared, "Democracy is winning ground in Latin America." ■



Political gang members on the rampage protesting an attempt at election theft.

CHILE

Stately Homes

Pinochet is accused of fraud

For two years the activity went almost unnoticed. The government sold off parcels of dry, rocky land in Maipo Canyon, 50 miles southeast of Santiago, at reduced prices. One day the state began to improve an old road leading to the land; then a new road was built, a bridge appeared, and the state-owned TV network built a repeater antenna. It was no coincidence, say critics, that these improvements were made near *El Melocotón* (the Peach), the 29-acre estate owned by President Augusto Pinochet Ugarte.

Until this month, Pinochet was able to escape the displeasure of a populace increasingly disgruntled with his ten-year-old regime by slipping away on weekends to enjoy *El Melocotón's* pools and gardens. But last week 24 opposition leaders accused Pinochet of defrauding the state of more than \$40,000 by buying the land, then using at least \$2 million in public funds to make improvements in the area.

Pinochet's hideaway might have remained a secret if not for a blunder he made in defending another project. Since 1978 he has been building a lavish, \$30 million, seven-story "House of the Presidents," complete with high fences, a heliport, television surveillance and laser detectors, on a hillside overlooking Santiago. When the press began to criticize Pinochet for his extravagance, he said that he never intended to live there, even though his wife had chosen the furnishings. The only home he owned, Pinochet insisted, was *El Melocotón*, which he said he had bought with his own savings of \$2,400.

Jorge Lavandero, a publisher and persistent critic of the regime, then compiled public documents that, he claimed, supported the opposition's accusations. Before Lavandero could publish the evidence, he was ambushed by twelve unidentified men, dragged from his car and severely beaten. The attackers stole the documents, but the information found its way to the editors of four opposition magazines. To prevent its publication, the government reimposed blanket censorship of the national press.

Pinochet has fiercely denied all the charges, and the army, whose support is essential, has vowed to defend him until his term ends in 1989. Although there have been seven antigovernment demonstrations in the past year, resulting in the deaths of 78 people, even the thousands who took to the streets last week in a general protest realize that until the key figures around Pinochet desert him, no scandal will shake his hold on the presidency. ■



Pinochet

World

LIBYA

Trouble in Tripoli

Gaddafi survives an attack

Little of the sprawling army complex of Bab al Azaziyeh, in the heart of the Libyan capital of Tripoli, is visible over the high stone-and-concrete wall that encircles it. Red-bereted guards are on duty at the gates, remote-control TV cameras scan the street outside, and the occasional gun of a Soviet tank protrudes through slits in the wall. But Libyans know that their leader, Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, uses the barracks as a residence, though for security reasons he often sleeps elsewhere. Thus when gunfire was heard in the vicinity of Bab al Azaziyeh, many Libyans thought they knew instantly what this meant: an attempt on Gaddafi's life.



Photographs of the slain terrorists as shown on Libyan television following the failed attack. The Colonel blamed the Muslim Brotherhood, as well as the U.S., Britain and Sudan.

But the nature of that four-hour battle remained unclear last week, as conflicting versions emerged from anti-Gaddafi exiles, the Libyan regime and other sources in Tripoli. What was certain was that Gaddafi was alive and well, and in the capital. Even so, the incident was the most audacious challenge to Gaddafi's control in the 15 years since he overthrew the aging King Idris. The shooting lasted from early morning until midday, ending in the death of seven attackers. Three others were arrested and at least another three escaped. Within 48 hours, Libyan authorities had used the incident as an excuse to round up 200 "enemies" of the regime, including government officials, military officers, university instructors and students.

Gaddafi, who rarely acknowledges opposition at home, blamed the attempt on the Muslim Brotherhood, a fanatical Islamic organization that is active in many Middle East countries. He admitted that the assailants could have "planned an attempt against me." The plotters

had been armed and trained, Gaddafi claimed, by his enemies: the U.S., Britain and Sudan. He described the British, who broke diplomatic relations with his government last month after a gunman in the Libyan embassy in London shot and killed a policewoman during an anti-Gaddafi demonstration, as "barbarous, troublemaking exporters of terrorism." As for President Reagan, he is "the worst terrorist in the world."

The Libyan government maintained that the firing had not taken place at Bab al Azaziyeh barracks but at a three-story building about half a mile from the barracks, where the plotters were hiding from police. The government also claimed that two days earlier three members of "opposition Islamic organizations" had entered the country from Tunisia. One was shot and killed; the others, according to this official version, were car-

rying the names of their co-conspirators, presumably Libyan members of the Muslim Brotherhood, including those who were holed up in the Tripoli building.

In London, responsibility for last week's assault was claimed by the National Front for the Salvation of Libya, the organization that staged the anti-Gaddafi demonstration that led to the shooting of the British policewoman. The group is known to have links to the Muslim Brotherhood. One source in Beirut described the affair as a coup that went wrong when some of the plotters were arrested and a planned army uprising failed to materialize.

Since the London shooting, some Western governments have been making special efforts to monitor the activities of Libyan visitors. That prudence has paid at least one dividend. In a suburb of Philadelphia last week, two Libyans were arrested when they tried to buy two pistols equipped with silencers from undercover FBI agents. —By William E. Smith. Reported by Roland Flamini/Tripoli

CANADA

"Mr. D."

A gunman in Quebec

A bearded man wearing camouflage army gear and a beret and with a knife strapped to his leg walked into the studios of CJRP, a Quebec City radio station, one morning last week. He handed a cassette tape to a reporter and told her, "To you, my name is Mr. D." A short time later, a man fitting Mr. D.'s description burst into the Quebec provincial legislature, called the National Assembly, firing a submachine gun as he went and shouting, "Où sont les députés? Je vais les tuer!" (Where are the legislators? I am going to kill them!) By the time he reached the second floor and entered the Salon Bleu, the legislative chamber, three people were dead: an Assembly page, a messenger and an aide to the director of elections. Thirteen other Assembly employees were wounded, one seriously.

Police later arrested Corporal Denis Lortie, 25, a supply technician attached to a Canadian Armed Forces installation near Ottawa. Canadian authorities have not speculated on Lortie's motives. But the tape left by the man at CJRP threatened to "destroy" the provincial government, which has espoused separation from the rest of Canada. The recording railed against the ruling *Parti Québécois's* pro-French language policies, declaring: "I [have] waited for just the right moment. It's at hand now. The government will be destroyed."

The gunman's timing, however, was fortunately poor. Quebec Premier René Lévesque and his Cabinet were not due in the Salon Bleu until that afternoon. Some ministers were having a late breakfast, though, and they quickly barricaded themselves in the legislature's restaurant. But Assembly employees had no protection. "I'm sorry for wounding you," the assailant reportedly told a worker shot in the arm during the fracas, "but that's life."

The hero of the day was the Assembly's sergeant at arms, René Jalbert, 63, a retired army major who helped convince Lortie that he should give himself up. Approaching the man as he sat in the Speaker's throne, Jalbert offered him coffee and a cigarette and coolly remarked: "I see you're an army man. I'm an army man myself." Jalbert took him to his downstairs office, where, four hours later, a Quebec police negotiator persuaded Lortie by telephone to surrender. (He later pleaded not guilty to three charges of first-degree murder.) Declared Jalbert modestly: "Every sergeant at arms across Canada would have done the same thing." ■

*In a later, apparently unrelated incident, another Quebec City man allegedly fired shots at passers-by. Jean-Claude Nadeau, 39, was arrested and charged with three counts of attempted murder.

A hand holds a lit Olympic torch with a bright flame. Another hand is reaching out towards the torch. The background is dark.

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World



A café on Paris' Left Bank: spending money at home rather than abroad

FRANCE

Confrontations with Reality

Three years of socialism produce a question: "What now?"

Tax-hungry Finance Minister Jacques Delors swoops down from a helicopter to collect the franc used in the coin toss of a soccer match. Intent on projecting French military power abroad, Defense Minister Charles Hernu leads an attack against the tiny principality of Monaco: "Ack-ack-ack!" President François Mitterrand interrupts his compulsive globe-trotting for a rare visit to Paris and, shuddering at what he finds, high-tails away again.

In Socialist heaven, meanwhile, the cherubs are busily filling out their income tax returns when two horned devils from Hades, former President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and Paris Mayor Jacques Chirac, try to seize power. But in the finale the good Lord Mitterrand in gilded pajamas—aided by winged archangels in silver-lamé union suits—repulses the celestial coup attempt by beating back the interlopers with long-stemmed Socialist roses.

The *chansonniers* are back. Those uniquely French stand-up political satirists had fallen relatively dormant during the less controversial, more prosperous Giscard era. Now they are thriving as never before and playing to full houses in the Théâtre des Deux Anes and other pocket-size theaters on the garish lower slopes of Montmartre. If the audience claps with delight, it is not at the Socialist government's heavenly victory so much as at the sight of the great and powerful being ridiculed. "The French have always enjoyed making fun of their politicians," exults Comedian Pierre Douglas. "Now they're wild about it."

As Mitterrand's Socialist government marked its third anniversary last week, there was plenty of material for the *chansonniers*. Beyond the demonstrations (commonplace), inflation (slowing), unemployment (rising) and the strains between Socialists and Communists in the ruling coalition (severe), there has been a

ripple effect of change across much of the social landscape. Few aspects of French life have remained untouched by the electoral upheaval that gave France its first leftist government in three decades. In areas as diverse as law and education, communications and fashion, business and dining, the France of 1984 bears Mitterrand's distinct imprint.

Perhaps the most notable feature of Mitterrand's three years has been the dramatic flip-flop in economic policy: what began as a reflationary spending spree later turned into prolonged austerity. Similar reversals have occurred, though less conspicuously, in many other realms, as the aggressive changes of 1981 and 1982 were revoked or diluted in the face of reality or public reaction. As Culture Minister Jack Lang privately told a Paris publisher, "We had big ideas in the beginning, dreams from all those years in the opposition, but then we were confronted by realities, and we came in to understand how difficult it is to govern."

Some of the Socialists' biggest ideas were applied in the area of law-and-order. Justice Minister Robert Badinter implemented major reforms, including abolition of the death penalty, dissolution of the feared "state security" courts, and an expansion of prisoners' rights. But a public outcry over rising crime (burglaries are up 25% since 1981) and resistance among penal administrators have slowed, and in some cases, reversed the pace of liberalization.

The prison population has rocketed from 10,000 to 41,000, overcrowding the country's jails. "The Socialists are putting people in jail, but they gave an impression of laxity," says Michel Crozier, a sociologist at Paris' prestigious Institut d'Etudes Politiques. Undismayed, Badinter goes on promoting reforms. The latest: a proposal to give detained offenders new rights that lawyers are already calling "French-style habeas corpus."

The noisiest liberalization is a controlled cacophony emanating from the more than 800 private radio stations that crowd the FM radio band. Their size varies from that of Radio Service Tour Eiffel, a 1,500-watt operation that is indirectly backed by Paris Mayor Chirac, to Radio Panorama, operated by a baker and his wife with a 500-watt transmitter in their garage in suburban Vitry-sur-Seine. The private stations have taken an estimated 20% of the audience away from the five established, and at least partly state-controlled, stations that monopolized the air waves until 1982. Surveying everything from religious sermons to gay rights, the raucous newcomers have provided a voice for all manner of minority interests. More important, they have set the stage for a comparable expansion of France's tightly state-controlled television system. The government has approved a pay-TV channel and, just last week, a scheme for commercial cable television.

The Culture Ministry, which has more



Chansonniers playing Mitterrand, center, as God, and other Socialists

Audiences clapping not at heavenly victories but at the powerful being ridiculed.

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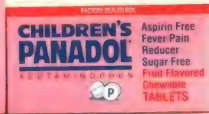
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World

than doubled its budget (to \$1 billion) since 1981, has been busy promoting Lang's schemes to expand the horizons of citizens. A new museum and concert hall are being built on the site of an old slaughterhouse in eastern Paris. A large new "people's opera" is on the drawing boards. Subsidies have kept books relatively cheap and at the same time prevented venerable bookshops from being killed off by discount chain stores. But Lang's free spending, including an almost completed *maison des écrivains* (House of Writers) with word processors for budding authors, has neither increased literary output nor raised its quality. Lang's approach—that a Renaissance cannot be legislated—has yet to be demonstrated.

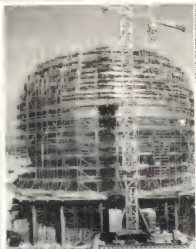
Aside from the 2.2 million unemployed (9.8% of the work force), the middle class has been hit hardest by Mitterrand's economic program. The main reason is that the tax bite has increased 15% to 20% for many middle-income families. They are now paying higher levies on everything from rented cars to boat insurance and, for some 2 million with annual incomes of more than \$20,000, a 5% to 8% surtax on their earnings. As a result, many people have been spending rather than investing their savings.

Patterns are also changing among the wealthy. Cleaning women's wages are down because more households are doing without help. The hostess in Paris' well-heeled 16th *arrondissement* still appears in the latest Chanel outfits but has given up sit-down dinners for 40 in favor of buffets for ten and less expensive champagne (Veuve Cliquot instead of Dom Pérignon). The elderly count in Provence dwell in one wing of an otherwise shuttered chateau he hesitates to sell because of the government's "wealth tax" of up to 2.5% on assets over \$400,000.

In the gilt-edged world of horse racing, Socialist moves have cut two ways. At first the punitive new 75% top-bracket income tax rate accelerated a flight of French thoroughbreds to the U.S. and Ireland. But since then the racing fraternity has been gratified by thoroughly Socialist interventions: the government sank a \$2 million subsidy into buying 80% of a prized French stud named the Wonder to keep him in France.

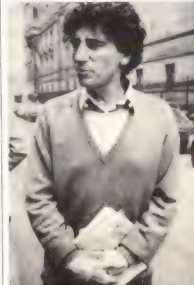
The economic squeeze has had other unexpected consequences. Superchefs like Paul Bocuse were apprehensive when the Socialists imposed a 30% tax on business entertainment, but three-star restaurants are thriving as never before. "There was a downsizing the first year," says François Benoit, owner of *Chez les Anges* in Paris. "But business recovered, and now is better than it's ever been." One possible reason: tighter currency export controls have prevented well-to-do French from spending their money abroad and compelled them, as it were, to eat it at home.

Businessmen have been affected in contradictory ways. They have been hit hard by higher labor costs, more union



Future Museum of Science and Technology

rights and severe constraints against layoffs. But, paradoxically, businessmen are suddenly starting to enjoy an unprecedented respectability, thanks largely to the Socialists. French people of all classes have traditionally looked askance at the pursuit of commerce and made businessmen feel socially inferior. Now, as part of its zealous austerity-minded campaign to revive investment and encourage new, advanced industries, the government has been extolling free enterprise. Mitterrand himself has formally endorsed "the right to make a fortune." Captains of industry like Schlumberger's Jean Riboud are featured heroically on the covers of traditionally leftist magazines. As Sociologist Crozier notes, former Premier Raymond Barre "tried to teach respect for business, but no one listened. Now that the Social-



The Socialist Look: Culture Minister Lang

Every day, it seems, another surprise.

ists are doing the same thing, it is beginning to have an impact."

The Socialist era has brought to the fore a new generation of personalities, like Christine Ockrent, 39, the clear-eyed and bob-haired anchorwoman on the evening news for *Antenne 2*. Ockrent, who has the added allure of having previously worked for CBS, is not a Socialist. But she epitomizes, if anybody does, what one woman writer accurately calls the Socialist ideal of the contemporary Frenchwoman: independent, progressive and athletic.

Then there is Serge July, 41, a veteran of the 1968 student revolt who sports pink polo shirts at the office and who has turned a former radical tract, *Libération*, into an increasingly respected daily. July has thrived by broadening *Libération's* coverage to include everything from gossip to science and by criticizing the government from a new angle, the maverick left. Journals molded in opposition, like the daily *Le Monde* and the weekly *Nouvel Observateur*, have lost readers while groping for new identities. But established conservative dailies like *Le Figaro* have held their own by thundering against the Socialists. The government has introduced a bill to restrict the number of publications under single ownership, a move widely seen as a vendetta against *Le Figaro* Publisher Robert Hersant, who owns three national and twelve regional dailies.

The Mitterrand years have brought what is known as the Socialist Look: corduroy suit, curly hair and clear Ray-Ban glasses. Variations on this modish theme are worn by Premier Pierre Mauroy (Ray-Bans), Culture Minister Lang (curly hair) and Socialist Party leaders like Lionel Jospin (both). But like many other characteristics of the new regime, such trimmings have been modified by time, the responsibilities of office and better tailoring.

The years since 1981 have created a special feeling in the national atmosphere—nothing very tangible, but something that is simply there, making itself felt with a twitching sensation at the nape of the French neck: an ill-defined uneasiness. It is best described by a civil servant who had been well disposed to the government but now complains, "With these Socialists, you can never relax." Too true. There is, every day it would seem, in the headlines or in the streets, another surprise or controversy or public problem, either at home or abroad. In a country that for more than a decade had been fairly tranquil, even predictable in its pillow well-being, this has come as a disquieting psychological change for many people.

It gives the *chansonnières* plenty to do. And it gives the neighbors who pause around Lily Gaillardon's newspaper kiosk on Place de la Contrescarpe on Paris' Left Bank plenty to talk about. "Everybody does it," Lily says. "They pay for their paper. They look at the headlines, and then they say, 'What now?'"

—By Jordan Bonfante/Paris

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THE POPE

"Mi Laikim Jon Pol"*Tom-toms and conch shells welcome a missionary*

A determined band of 25 warriors from the Enga province of Papua New Guinea laid down their bows and arrows a month ago and set out along narrow jungle trails, carrying an 18-ft.-high wooden cross. Whenever they came to a river they could not ford, they stopped and built a bridge. Other Papua New Guineans braved mountain passes 11,000 ft. above sea level to make their long journey. Why had so many thousands trekked so far to stand in ankle-deep mud on a rain-soaked field in the town of Mount Hagen? One tribesman, in a three-cornered hat made from human hair, had a compellingly simple answer: "He brings the Good Spirit."

The "he" was Pope John Paul II, who last week was welcomed to Papua New Guinea by tribes from across the country's rugged highlands and by tom-tom drums pounding out the joyful news of his arrival. Few of John Paul's foreign journeys have offered such a kaleidoscope of contrasts as the ten-day, 24,000-mile trek across the outer rim of Asia and the South Pacific that he completed at week's end. In South Korea, he assumed the role of pastor; in Thailand, he served as a diplomat; to the islands of the Pacific, he came primarily as a missionary.

By traveling to the frontiers of the Christian faith, John Paul wanted to dramatize his conviction that the future of Roman Catholicism lies in the developing world. About one-third of Papua New Guinea's 3.4 million people are Catholics, but church leaders have had to struggle to adapt their faith to a culture in which

cannibalism is still a living memory. A tongue-in-cheek column in a local newspaper assured the Pope: "Don't be scared, sir. We won't eat you."

After the tight security that surrounded John Paul's visit to South Korea, the Pope seemed to revel in the enthusiastic reception that greeted him in Port Moresby, the capital of Papua New Guinea. The Pontiff won many hearts when, at a Mass, he said the Lord's Prayer in pidgin English, the most common local patois. "Papa bilong mipela, yu stap long heaven..." At the local sports field he watched benignly as bare-breasted women in grass skirts chanted hymns and drummers sporting feathered headdresses pounded out an accompaniment on hollow logs covered with animal skins. When the Pope gave

his blessings to the crowd, the shouts of "Mi laikim Jon Pol!" were deafening.

Warring tribesmen had called a temporary truce in honor of the Pontiff's visit. At Mount Hagen, from an altar covered with a thatched roof and lavishly decorated with hibiscus, orchids, bougainvillea and battle shields, the Pope made a plea for permanent peace to the crowd of almost 130,000. Then he gave Communion to warriors who glistened with pig fat and wore head-dresses of black hawk feathers and crimson and golden plumes from the bird of paradise.

A day later, John Paul was welcomed to the steamy heat of Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands with a fanfare played on conch shells and by an honor guard of spear-carrying tribesmen. About one-sixth of the archipelago's scattered population of 300,000 is Catholic. Gathered before a plain wooden altar, the Solomon Islanders gave no thunderous cheers but greeted John Paul by falling silent, a traditional sign of respect.

The Pontiff traveled next to Thailand, where he was welcomed by King Bhumibol Adulyadej in Bangkok's Grand Palace. Catholics make up less than 1% of Thailand's 52 million people. In an unusual ecumenical gesture, John Paul paid a 17-minute call on the Buddhist Supreme Patriarch.

To emphasize his concern for the plight of Indochinese refugees, John Paul also traveled 56 miles southeast from Bangkok to the Phanat Nikhom camp, where about 18,000 Vietnamese, Cambodians and Laotians await resettlement. As heavily armed Thai soldiers kept watch, the Pope repeatedly blessed the refugees. "I want you to know of my love," said the

Pope. It is a message that he is clearly taking to the ends of the earth. —By John Kohan. Reported by Roberto Suro with the Pope



The Pontiff greets tribesmen in Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea

Native children shyly bring gifts during Mass in Mount Hagen



Bangles, bangles and a picture



Sunday best and a papal peasant

World

VIET NAM

Where France Lost an Empire

Hanoi marks a famous victory

At the end of World War II, the French decided to reassert their century-old economic and political influence in Viet Nam. But by the mid-1940s they found themselves battling the nationalist ambitions of the Communist Viet Minh and their French-educated leader Ho Chi Minh. By 1954, with Viet Minh control spreading across the countryside, the French chose the valley of Dien Bien Phu to make a decisive stand aimed at checking the Communists. Instead, the one set-piece battle of the seven-year Indochina war led to the slaughter of 1,500 Frenchmen and, at home, to the loss of political will to continue the campaign. To General Vo Nguyen Giap, the commander of the attacking forces, who is now 71, the Viet Minh victory was "the toll of a bell heralding the decline of colonialism." The battle at Dien Bien Phu led to the partition of Viet Nam and the establishment of the Communist regime in the north; it also signaled the era of U.S. involvement. Last week the Hanoi government lavished \$10 million on celebrations to commemorate the 30th anniversary of the famous victory.

TIME Bangkok Bureau Chief James Willwerth traveled to the battlefield. His report:

A few hours west of Hanoi, the dirt road begins to climb into jungle-covered mountains whose jagged, rocky peaks reach effortlessly into the clouds. The Soviet-built tourist bus, careering around hairpin turns and over steep grades, is shaken down to its ineffectual shock absorbers. At midday, a convoy of Vietnamese troops rumbles by in World War II-type trucks, red flags snapping in the breeze. They are headed for duty in Laos, where about 50,000 Vietnamese troops are supporting the Pathet Lao regime and guarding the Chinese border.

After two days on the road, with an overnight stop in the town of Son La, the bus rolls onto the hot, flat plain at Dien Bien Phu, 18 miles from the Laotian border. It is difficult to imagine the battlefield as it appeared 30 years ago. The French chose Dien Bien Phu because its strategic location seemed to make it the ideal place to cut Viet Minh supply lines and thus to harass Giap's troops into submission. Protected by mountains on all sides, it seemed impregnable. Against heavy odds, Ho's Viet Minh army laid siege for 55 days. Finally,



Viet Minh flag raising at Dien Bien Phu



Wounded French paratroopers facing defeat

on May 7, 1954, after hauling whole batteries of heavy artillery to seemingly impossible mountain redoubts and tunneling to within yards of the garrison positions, the Viet Minh staged the devastating last assault that forced the garrison to surrender the following day.

Since then, the valley, eleven miles long and four miles wide, has been bulldozed into a flat green sea of paddy and sugar-cane fields dotted with hamlets. The valley has seen its population triple in three decades to nearly 100,000, of whom 30,000 came from Thai Binh province, southeast of Hanoi.

The town of Dien Bien Phu, with a population of about 4,000, is bustling as workers put finishing touches on exhibits in the new war museum, a converted rice warehouse filled with battle memorabilia, including bullet-riddled French helmets. In the nearby hamlet of Thanh An, 120 women dressed in long black skirts and brightly colored blouses drill barefoot in preparation for the anniversary parade.

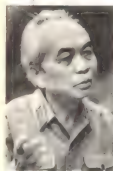


A museum preserves the wreckage of battle
Relics of colonialism's decline.

For a visit by foreign journalists, Hanoi brings out several military heroes of the Dien Bien Phu siege. Lieut. Colonel Van Luyen, 52, who commanded an artillery unit, shows the newsmen the refurbished French command bunker where the Viet Minh proclaimed their victory by waving a red Vietnamese flag from its corrugated and sandbagged rooftop. Farther out lie two of the eight major French perimeter command posts, code-named Beatrice and Eliane by the garrison commander, General Christian de Castries. After three decades, U.S.-made artillery, including 155-mm and 105-mm howitzers, which were supplied to the French by Washington, is still in place.

At a press conference in Hanoi, the legendary General Giap, a smiling but still tough, grandfatherly figure who engineered the victory, attributes the Vietnamese military triumph to "a succession of surprises" that forced General Henri Navarre, the French commander in chief in Indochina, to make a stand at Dien Bien Phu. "Why were we successful?" he asks. "President Ho Chi Minh found a path: the combination of the struggle for national independence and the struggle for socialism." In a nearby sugar-cane field, close to where hundreds of French soldiers are said to be buried, the Vietnamese are erecting a modest monument to their foes: a plain white cross inside a bamboo fence.

Along the road to the airport, red banners proclaim *LONG LIVE THE GLORIOUS VIETNAMESE COMMUNIST PARTY*. On the tarmac, a young Vietnamese soldier wounded in fighting near the Chinese border waits, half-conscious, to be evacuated to Hanoi. His injuries are a month old. Blackened toes stick out of casts covering his feet under the stretcher blanket. He lies in the midday heat under the shade of an airplane wing, in the same valley in which another generation of Vietnamese soldiers fought and died three decades earlier.



General Giap



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People



Leonard after Round 8: "That's it, and that's it for good"

When **Sugar Ray Leonard**, 27, announced last December that he was returning to the ring after two years in retirement, fans of the former welterweight champion were divided between celebration and concern. Some doctors warned that the fighter, who has had operations on the retinas of both eyes, was recklessly risking his vision. But despite success as a TV personality, Leonard "missed the actual competition." Last week he took on **Kevin Howard**, 22, in Worcester, Mass., and stopped him in a ninth-round TKO. But the ex-champ was knocked down once, the first time in his pro career, and decided his comeback was no go. Minutes after the fight, he announced, "That's it, and that's it for good."

Without benefit of egg, he was born 50 years ago this week in a movie called *The Wise Little Hen*, and **Donald Duck** is still in fine feather. To celebrate the birthday, Walt Disney World near Orlando, Fla., has planned a summer-long salute to the irascible star, featuring 50, yes sir 50, real live ducks that will waddle along with Donald through the Magic Kingdom on at least three outings during the next month. Of course, it takes an odd duck to be fooled by a fellow in a funny suit. So the Disney folks painstakingly trained the Pekins to accept the costumed canard as the next best thing to Mom. Last week Donald proudly led his faithful followers past squealing crowds of early-

morning guests to a giant birthday cake decorated with peas, corn and carrot candles. Unfortunately, the web-footed wonders were too busy quacking up to go for the goodies.

The English set was all dressed and ready for her nude shower scene last week when Actress **Julie (Educating Rita) Walters**, 34, suddenly announced that everyone else had to strip. She was simply invoking the new Actors' Equity rule that required all technicians present to be in the buff too, Walters explained. **Adrian Hughes**, the producer of *She'll Be Wearing Pink Pyjamas* balked, but Walters gave him the phone number of an Equity representative who confirmed

her claim. The red-faced cameraman obligingly overexposed himself while others compromised by stripping to their underwear. The scene then went off without a hitch—or in some cases a stitch. Walters had no trouble summoning the laughter called for by the script. The naked truth: the Equity official was really an actor friend helping her pull off a naughty joke.



Walters: buff bluff

It has been a dozen years since he last danced, but **Fred Astaire**, who turned 85 last week, still cuts one of the most stylish silhouettes in show business. Or any business for that matter. Invited to a birthday dinner party by his legendary dance partner **Ginger Rogers**, 72, the natty octogenarian thanked "Ging"



Dapper dancer: Astaire at 85

but opted for a quiet evening at home, explaining that turning 85 "is special enough." He still reads scripts, pursues his acting career, feels well and says, "I couldn't ask for anything more." Well, there is one thing: "I would like to have been able to do very good golf. I love the game." The hoofeduffer may not be the pro on the fairway that he wants to be, but it is inconceivable that his swing could be anything but smooth.

—By Guy D. Garcia



Ducky dedication: Donald and his 50 followers at Disney World

Economy & Business

Uproar over Interest Rates

Feldstein departs amid new Administration attacks on the Federal Reserve

COUNCIL OF ECONOMIC ADVISERS
OFFICE OF THE CHAIRMAN



When he announced his resignation, the chairman was once again at odds with the White House. Critics said he "outlived his usefulness," but to fans he was "the last link to economic reality."

During his two years as chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, Martin Feldstein has become known primarily for prickly independence. While President Ronald Reagan and Treasury Secretary Donald Regan have been steadfastly happy-talking the economy and pointing to the high level of growth and low inflation, Feldstein has resolutely warned of the dangers posed by the Administration's huge budget deficits. Last week Feldstein announced that he would be leaving Washington on July 10 to return to his teaching position at Harvard. Even as he prepared to depart, however, he found himself in a familiar position: at odds once again with Administration policy. Top Reagan officials had just opened a new offensive against the Federal Reserve Board, arguing that it was endangering the recovery by keeping too firm a grip on the money supply. But Feldstein contended, at a meeting with reporters to announce his departure, that the Federal Reserve is "pursuing the right kinds of policy."

The latest White House broadsides against the Federal Reserve were set off by the decision of major U.S. banks, led by New York's Chase Manhattan, to raise the prime rate from 12% to 12½%. It was the third increase in the key lending rate in less than two months and pushed the prime to its highest level since October 1982.

From the viewpoint of the Reagan Administration, the timing could hardly have been worse. White House officials believe that the higher interest rates could clobber key industries like housing and autos just as the President heads toward the November election. Earlier this year, homebuilding appeared to be booming. In February, new housing starts reached an annual rate of 2.2 million. But in March, after interest rates began to take off, housing starts fell to 1.6 million, the sharpest monthly decline in 30 years.

As the Administration sees it, the rise in the prime was the result of the tight monetary policy being pursued by Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker. The



Donald Regan



Paul Volcker

Administration has long been unhappy with Federal Reserve policy, saying in private that the Fed should allow the money supply to grow more rapidly and thus help the recovery. Reagan aides had sharply criticized the Fed earlier in the Administration, but in recent months the attacks had stopped.

Last week they were started anew by White House Press Spokesman Larry Speakes. Immediately after the banks raised the prime rate, he told reporters, "We have been asking the Federal Reserve Board to allow sufficient monetary expansion to assure non-inflationary growth. Although the economy has been growing at a healthy pace and inflation remains at a low level, it appears that the money supply is not accommodating real economic growth."

The following day the attack was picked up by Treasury Secretary Regan. In a speech to Massachusetts businessmen and community leaders, he warned that the Federal Reserve's stringent credit policies could begin to hurt. Said he: "If the Fed continues on its tight path now, it will have an effect on November and December. Does that have us worried? You bet your life it has us worried."

President Reagan entered the interest-rate controversy later in the week, although he was careful not to blame the Federal Reserve. Appearing before the National Association of Realtors, he took credit for the earlier recovery in housing. But then he added: "Let me assure you we are not pleased with the recent increases in interest rates, and frankly there is no satisfactory reason for them."

The Administration argues that since prices are rising at a rate of only about 5% annually, the Federal Reserve does not need to step up the attack on inflation by strengthening its already tight grip on the money supply. That position got some support last week when the Government announced that prices at the wholesale level did not increase during the month of April. Said Treasury Secretary Regan after the announcement: "Where's the inflation?" Representative Jack Kemp, an Administration intimate on economic matters, summed up the White House viewpoint when he said, "The Fed is paranoid about inflation, and that paranoia threatens to kill this recovery."

Economists outside the Administration generally do not hold the Federal Reserve primarily responsible for higher interest rates. Most money-market watchers consider them to be the inevitable result of a collision between loan demand from individuals and corporations, and the near record levels of Government borrowing needed to finance the massive budget deficit. Barry Bosworth, a Brookings Institution fellow and former Carter



Administration official, called the attack on the Federal Reserve Board "a cheap shot." Irwin Kellner, chief economist of Manufacturers Hanover Trust in New York, also defended the Fed. Said he: "It is expanding the supply of money and credit enough to allow growth, but not so rapidly as to cause a new round of inflation. The banks are merely responding to the higher cost of money that has been under way for most of the year."

Corporate leaders, who last week were attending the spring meeting of the Business Council, the organization of top U.S. executives, also did not fault the Federal Reserve, even though they expect rates to continue climbing. In presenting the council's report on the economy, IBM Chairman John Opel said of interest rates: "Our con-

sultants forecast a continuing rise this year and next. Several foresee a prime rate of 15% or even more next year."

According to Feldstein, the key to solving the interest-rate conundrum is action on the federal deficit. Unless the Administration and Congress can make major moves to bring down the deficit, interest rates will remain steep and could go higher. That is a position that he has long maintained. Feldstein first broke Administration ranks by proposing that taxes should be raised, if necessary, to bring down the deficit. It was the deficit issue, more than any other, that gave Feldstein his reputation for independence.

His stance resulted in angry and embarrassing confrontations. In February Treasury Secretary Regan told Congressmen that they could take the Council of Economic Advisers' report and "throw it away" because of its warnings about the deficit. Feldstein ignored the criticism and continued to preach the message that earned him the title Dr. Glow.

While Feldstein had few fans within the Administration, his honesty and forthrightness earned him support on Capitol Hill. On learning of his resignation last week, Daniel Rostenkowski, the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, said, "There goes the White House's last link to economic reality."

Not surprising, Feldstein's departure was largely welcomed within the Administration, where he has lately been excluded from key policy discussions. Observed a senior Government official: "Marty outstayed his usefulness some time ago." It is considered likely that his post will be left vacant until safely after the November election.

While Feldstein is leaving Government, Federal Reserve Chairman Volcker, the other leading opponent of the deficits, remains. He was reappointed in August 1983 to a new four-year term, and is expected to stay in his job at least until 1985. Volcker is accustomed to seeing the Federal Reserve become a political target in an election year. During the 1980 presidential campaign, Jimmy Carter attacked Fed policies as "ill advised" and grumbled about the "strictly monetary approach to making decisions."

But election-year broadsides have traditionally had little influence on the Fed, and the latest ones will also probably be ineffective. By heaving to a strong anti-inflation line for the past five years, the Federal Reserve tamed the runaway inflation that had plagued the American economy for more than a decade. It is unlikely to change its policies in the face of criticism. —By Alexander L. Taylor III, Reported by Christopher Redman/Washington and Adam Zagoria/New York



"We've told you before, Feldstein—you're not helping with the tourist trade."

Turbulent Times for the IMF

The savior of developing countries is also the scapegoat

The job of the International Monetary Fund has always been tough. Now it is also touchier than ever. Although the IMF makes loans to rescue troubled economies, it is stirring up anger and defiance in developing countries of Latin America, Asia and Africa. In some places, the controversy has been boiling over into violence. In the Dominican Republic, most union leaders are insisting that the country break off relations with the IMF, blaming its policies for causing riots last month that left more than 50 people dead. Leftists around the world accuse the IMF of trying to impose capitalist values, and Finance Ministers in developing countries frequently protest that it is interfering in internal politics by forcing them to adopt draconian economic measures.

The IMF's many supporters, on the other hand, say that the organization has become a scapegoat for reckless spending in Third World countries. All it is doing, they contend, is calling for needed economic reforms, without which many countries would be financially paralyzed. Says John Williamson, a senior fellow at the Institute for International Economics in Washington: "Right now the fund is more harsh than is desirable, but it is not clear that it has an alternative."

In a report last week the IMF warned that the economic problems of the biggest debtor nations are likely to get worse during the next three years. A growing part of their earnings from exports will have to go toward interest payments instead of internal development. Last week also, the world's top money men met behind closed doors in Manhattan to discuss the rising debt crisis. Anthony M. Solomon, president of the New York Federal Reserve Bank and host of the session, has been warning that rising interest rates could push countries toward default. He has proposed that private banks set a limit on the interest rates they charge Third World debtors. Present at the meeting: IMF Managing Director Jacques de Larosière, who has brought the banks and the IMF together to rescue countries most in danger of default.

De Larosière and his staff at the IMF are paying particular attention to the perilous financial situation in Argentina. Six weeks ago, the IMF and the U.S. Treasury paved the way for a \$400 million loan package from Latin American countries and international banks that enabled Argentina to meet a deadline for paying overdue interest on its \$44 billion debt. But that was only a stopgap measure. At a meeting last week in Buenos Aires, IMF staffers and Argentine officials began working on a plan to get the country's finances in order. Argentina's 320 bank creditors have said they will not again



Managing Director Jacques de Larosière



Tannery workers in Argentina demonstrate for higher wages near the Labor Ministry

reschedule Argentina's debts unless an agreement is reached.

Never in its history has the IMF faced debt problems of such magnitude. The agency, which has 146 member countries and a staff of 1,600, including 750 economists, has spent most of its time since its founding in 1945 in relative obscurity. As the international lender of last resort, the IMF grants short-term loans for three to five years from its \$35 billion lending pool to help nations finance temporary trade imbalances. The IMF deals with rich and poor countries alike. In the mid-1960s, for example, Britain borrowed some \$3 billion to deal with its severe balance of payments problems.

But the oil crisis of the 1970s and the global recession of the early 1980s have turned the IMF into the Third World's principal banker. After OPEC quadrupled oil prices in 1973, developing countries like Brazil borrowed heavily from private

banks, in part to pay their steep oil bills. Meanwhile, Mexico and other poor countries with large oil reserves felt themselves suddenly rich and sought money to finance ambitious development projects.

Commercial banks at first lent freely to those countries on the basis of their economic promise, granting them liberal payback terms. But by 1982 the banks were sharply curtailing Third World lending. By then it was clear that those countries had difficulties even paying interest on their loans. Not only were they already deeply in debt, but their economies were slowing down because of recession in the industrialized nations. Oil-rich developing countries were also strapped for cash as oil prices dropped.

Since private bankers were reluctant to make substantial new loans, the IMF had to take over the job of keeping the Third World afloat. But that role has often placed the organization in the middle of its clients' political problems. When a

country's Finance Minister wants an excuse for an unpopular economic measure, such as curbing inflation by holding the line on wages against the demands of angry unions, he frequently blames the IMF.

At the center of this controversy is Frenchman De Larosière, 54, who has been the IMF managing director since 1978. One admirer has called him "the referee in an international game of chicken." His most important contribution to containing the debt problem has been to coerce banks into lending more to the most troubled countries. He got them to give an additional \$8.8 billion to Mexico and \$6.5 billion to Brazil.

De Larosière defends the IMF's often harsh terms as unavoidable. Adjustment measures for some countries, he says, "will necessarily be severe." But it does take a combination of velvet glove and iron fist to keep the world debt situation in control. De Larosière uses the soft ap-

Economy & Business

Reversing the Charges

The FCC cuts long-distance telephone rates by \$1.8 billion

proach on the IMF's 22-man board of executive directors, who must eventually approve all IMF loans. Though they are people of varying views, he manages to compromise and persuade, while holding the trust of all.

The iron fist is used on private bankers as well as on the developing countries. In November 1982, when Mexican and Argentine loan agreements were being considered, De Larosière sent telegrams to major commercial lenders, inviting them to a meeting at the New York Federal Reserve Bank. At the session, he told the bankers that if they did not put up \$5 billion in new money for Mexico and \$1.5 billion for Argentina, the IMF would not approve rescue programs for those countries, further jeopardizing chances of the banks' getting back any part of their money. The money men were stunned. Said one official: "They were not used to being talked to by anybody that way." They got the message and made the loans.

De Larosière is the quintessential French bureaucrat. After earning master of arts and master of law degrees at the University of Paris, he attended the Ecole Nationale d'Administration, the training school for France's top civil servants. Designated an *inspecteur des finances* after graduation, he served in various economic policymaking posts before going to the IMF.

The managing director today remains very much the *inspecteur*. Quick-tempered, he dresses down ineffectual staffers during conferences. Says a foreign finance official: "When he is with three or four aides, he does 95% of the talking." Around IMF headquarters, De Larosière gets involved in the smallest details. He is, says a staffer, "the indisputable boss." He keeps a computer in his office to follow international money markets. Nonetheless, De Larosière can also be informal: he frequently makes his own telephone calls.

Though generally diplomatic, he got into a sharp exchange in March with Treasury Secretary Donald Regan. Said the managing director: "The deficits in this country are contributing to keeping interest rates high worldwide and absorbing scarce capital from the rest of the world." Replied Regan tartly: "I am troubled by the excessive preoccupation with U.S. fiscal policy. Quite simply, the U.S. budget deficit is not the cause of all the world's economic problems, nor would reducing our deficit be a panacea."

When he is not arranging billion-dollar loans—or dueling with his critics—De Larosière enjoys listening to Bach and Beethoven and entertaining in his Washington, D.C., house. When he can, he takes his wife France to the movies or the theater. He enjoys fly-fishing and reading history. His current bedside book is one of Jean Favier's about the Middle Ages in France. It is a great way to escape the problems of contemporary world finance.

—By John S. DeMott

Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington

Despite the court-ordered divestiture of American Telephone & Telegraph that took place on Jan. 1, reaching out and touching Aunt Maude in Dubuque has continued to be an expensive proposition. Ma Bell has long claimed that it was levying high rates on long-distance service as a way of keeping down the cost of local calls. Last week the Federal Communications Commission took a giant step toward rearranging that system by ordering A T & T to slash long-distance rates by 6.1% beginning May 25. The move could save American consumers up to \$1.8 billion a year.

The long-distance-rate cut, the first in 14 years and the biggest ever, marked the beginning of the FCC's major restructuring of telephone charges in the wake of the divestiture. The overall goal is to transfer as

the other hand, often use it eight hours a day, and would thus be hit by large extra costs.

The FCC's rulings also had an impact on A T & T's long-distance competitors, such as MCI and GTE's Sprint. Since A T & T controls about 94% of the long-distance market, the agency has been trying to encourage more phone competition. The FCC last week reaffirmed its earlier decision that A T & T's competitors had to pay only 55% as much as A T & T to link up with local telephone networks. This means that the smaller companies should be able to continue charging lower prices than A T & T. Because of their discount rates, MCI and GTE are currently enjoying booming business. Two weeks ago, GTE announced that because the firm had such a rush of orders, it had to stop taking new



much of the phone system's costs as possible to the people who use the specific services. Said FCC Chairman Mark Fowler of the rulings: "We are beginning to eliminate the crazy-quilt pricing that prevailed in a predivestiture world. My hope is that in the next two to three years we will see long-distance rates reduced 35% to 40%."

The FCC also announced two decisions that could increase phone bills by \$1.3 billion annually, but these measures are expected to hit businesses primarily. The commission approved a special fee of up to \$6 a line for business customers with multiline telephones. The FCC also allowed A T & T to charge 50¢ for long-distance directory assistance calls, which in the past have been free. Most families use that service only occasionally, and the FCC softened the blow for them by requiring A T & T to permit two free long-distance directory assistance calls a month. Businesses such as credit bureaus and marketing firms, on

customers in some parts of the country.

Last week's FCC decisions grew out of a controversy that began last fall over whether telephone customers should pay special monthly fees for their long-distance service. Originally the FCC proposed a monthly charge of \$2 for residences and small businesses and \$6 for larger firms. In September A T & T proposed cutting its long-distance rates by as much as 10.5%, or \$1.75 billion, in the expectation that the FCC would put into effect the so-called access fees. But Congress effectively blocked their imposition in the face of public pressure over the \$2 fee. A T & T still insisted that it needed extra revenues, but the FCC last week indicated that A T & T's proposals would have allowed it to make too much on long-distance service. A T & T would have earned an 18.64% rate of return on long distance, far above the 12.75% allowed by the commission.

—By Robert T. Graves

Reported by Jay Brumagan/Washington

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Economy & Business

Runaway Rumor

Continental Bank's dark day

When someone starts an ominous rumor about Chicago's Continental Illinois Bank, people generally listen. Reason: the whispered tales have often been true. Continental, the biggest banking company (assets: \$41.4 billion) between San Francisco and Manhattan, has during the past two years established an unfortunate record of making loans that go sour. In 1982 it suffered a major blow from the failure of Oklahoma City's Penn Square Bank, which had sold Continental \$1 billion in shaky energy loans. Currently, its beleaguered borrowers run the gamut from Argentina to International Harvester. During the first quarter of 1984, Continental's problem loans increased by \$400 million, to \$2.3 billion.

Last week new rumors about Continental swept through financial markets. The story had it that Continental was about to fail and that federal officials were trying to persuade another, and healthier, bank to buy it. Dubious as it was, the news managed to cast a long shadow over the whole banking industry. Jittery traders scrambled to sell bank-issued certificates of deposit and rushed to seek safety in U.S. Treasury securities. Dealers in other markets temporarily lost confidence in the rising dollar and started bidding up the price of gold. Even the pork-bellies market reacted, and prices fell because Continental is a big lender to commodities traders. Some traders apparently helped stir up the panic to make a quick profit.

Officials at Continental were incensed. David G. Taylor, who became chairman last month, denounced the rumors as baseless and threatened to sue wire services that had reported them. The journalists, he said, had spread the gossip without checking the facts. In a highly unusual move, C. Todd Conover, the U.S. Comptroller of the Currency and a top federal bank regulator, tried to squash the stories by declaring that the investment positions of Continental's balance sheet "compare favorably to those of other major multinational banks." He also denied a Japanese wire-service story that he was trying to find buyers for Continental in Japan and elsewhere.

Continental is particularly vulnerable to scare stories because it has relatively few consumer clients. Most of its deposits come instead from institutional investors and brokers, who often take flight at the first hint of trouble, or imagined trouble. Late last week, though, confidence in Continental returned as quickly as it had left. Top officials from several U.S. banks called Continental to express their support. Said a relieved Taylor: "Rumors about the bank are being put to rest, and calm is being restored."



Archbishop and Moneyman Paul Marcinkus

A Moral Duty

The Vatican settles a debt

When it collapsed in 1982, Milan's Banco Ambrosiano left behind a \$1.3 billion missing-funds scandal and a stigma on the Roman Catholic Church. Last week, after nearly two years of intense negotiation, Ambrosiano's creditors quietly circulated a 161-page agreement that called for the Vatican to pay them \$244 million in recognition of its "moral involvement" in the bank failure. According to one church official, the settlement will mean that the Vatican's accountability in the matter "will finally be completely resolved."

The Holy See was linked to Banco Ambrosiano through the Institute for Religious Works, the agency that conducts financial affairs for the Vatican. The Institute owns several companies that had received loans from Banco Ambrosiano that were part of the missing \$1.3 billion. Moreover, Archbishop Paul Marcinkus, the institute's president, was a close business associate of Roberto Calvi's, Ambrosiano's president, who was found hanged from London's Blackfriars Bridge shortly before the bank failed.

In arriving at a settlement with Ambrosiano's 120 bank creditors, the Vatican negotiated a clause stating that the payment was being made solely because of moral considerations. The church has always insisted that it has no legal or financial responsibility for the Ambrosiano losses.

The \$244 million the Vatican will pay represents about half of its cash and readily marketable assets and could put a severe strain on its resources. To raise funds for the settlement, which is due by June 30, the church recently sold its controlling interest in Vianini, one of Italy's largest construction companies, for an estimated \$35 million. The Vatican also has borrowed heavily from London banks and may have to sell many of its foreign financial and real estate holdings to come up with the rest of the money.

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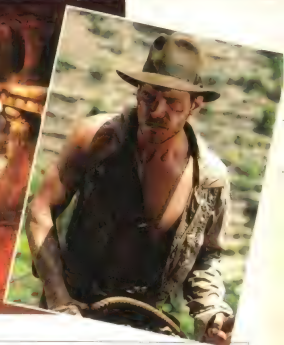
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Deep in the bowels of the temple; Harrison Ford as Indiana Jones



Cinema

Keeping the Customer Satisfied

INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM

Directed by Steven Spielberg; Screenplay by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz

May 25, 1990. George Lucas and Steven Spielberg today announced plans to build a giant theme park called *Star World*, with attractions based on scenes from their films. Between them, Spielberg and Lucas have directed or produced the dozen top-grossing movies of all time: *Jaws* (1975), *Star Wars* (1977), *The Empire Strikes Back* (1980), *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (1981), *E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial* (1982), *Return of the Jedi* (1983), *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* (1984), *Gremlins* (1984), *Close Encounters: The Final Edition* (1985), *Indiana Jones Phones Home* (1987), *1942* (1988) and *The Gremlins Eat Princess Leia* (1989).

A spokesman for the film makers' corporation, Luke Spielberger Ltd., said that the attractions will include a *Poltergeist* funhouse, a scuba dive through shark-infested waters, an American Graffiti drag strip, a Millennium Falcon journey through the *Twilight Zone*, an *E.T.* flying-bike ride and an *Indiana Jones* snake pit. The restaurants, or cantinas, will feature gremlins serving popcorn and candy bars. Each afternoon the *Ewoks* Marching Band will parade through the park playing the works of John Williams.

The spokesman would not confirm reports that Lucas and Spielberg intended to buy all six major Hollywood studios, and then raze the back lots as sites for *Star World*. But he struck fear into moguls' hearts when he asked, "Why settle for the Force when you can have the *Empire* too?"

For now they are content to make movies—movies that career from thrill to giggle and back to thrill again at 24 frames per second. Nobody does it better; no one has ever done it with quite so much relentless ingenuity. They broke out by going back. Lucas proved with the *Star Wars* trilogy that the Old Hollywood formula of moviemaking, cagily updated, could work wonders at the box office and in the toy store. His movies are Hardy



Capshaw covered with crawlers

A brilliance riding on narrow-gauge tracks.

Boys tales for the space age; they shine like Plexiglas, are as durable as Teflon and have the aftertaste of Tang. Spielberg has tapped into the moviegoer's childlike imagination with *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *Poltergeist*, *E.T.* and his upcoming production of *Gremlins*—fables of the sort that touch every eight-year-old just before he falls asleep. Or just after.

Put it this way: the boys have credentials. So of course *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* (glorious, goofy title) will be a summer smash. Of course this new adventure, second in the series that Executive Producer Lucas and Director Spielberg began with *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, will provide sophisticated, if largely familiar pleasures to a few hundred million moviegoers. Of course *Temple of Doom*, a crackerjack swash of voodoo and derring-do, will create demand for another sequel. Some things are just written.

D.W. Griffith could have written this: always begin your movies with a bang. Or, as in *Temple of Doom*, a Chinese gong. This one is rung to signal the beginning of tonight's floor show at the Obi Wan Club in Shanghai, 1935. Presenting Miss Willie Scott (Kate Capshaw) and her pan-Asian chorus line in a delicious rendition of Cole Porter's *Anything Goes*—in Mandarin Chinese! At a nearby table, Professor Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford) is haggling for his life with a trio of Chinese gangsters: the diamond in his possession in return for a vial containing the antidote to a poison he has just swallowed. *Gong!* another production number commences, with Indy and Willie scrambling on the floor to find the antidote and the diamond among flying ice cubes, bullets, balloons and feet as the chorus giddily scatters through the chaos. Wow!

There is plenty more in store for Indy. Willie and Indy's pre-teen sidekick Short Round (Ke Huy Quan) before the end of reel one. A hairbreadth escape through the bustling back streets of Shanghai! A scary ride in a pilotless plane! A mid-air bailout in a raft that bounces them onto a steep mountain slope for a wild toboggan ride off a cliff and into a raging river whose rapids carry them to . . . But you get the idea. An army of professionals—439 listed in the credits—has set the narrative motor purring in high gear.

The main plot, about the search for a sacred stone stolen by a coven of Indian thugs and used to augment sadistic black-magic rituals in the bowels of the temple of doom, need not concern us here. Suffice it to say that the new film is more an embellishment than an improvement on the snazzy *Raiders*. If you enjoyed seeing skeletons rise on spikes, or Indy snap his trusty bullwhip around a steel-willed woman, or the two of them trapped in a cave with ugly crawling things, you should be amused to see them again. Again you will savor the Indiana Jones schizophrenia: by day a bow-tied, bespectacled archaeologist; by night a resourceful swaggerer, whom Ford brings to life as a modern blend of Bogie and the Duke, with just a glint of misfit psychopathy in his eyes. Again you will slip easily into the care of some expert masseurs, now stroking, now pummeling, as *Temple of Doom* heads for a climax that is a literal cliffhanger.

Smaking through the movie is a familiar Spielberg theme: the disappearance, and then the welcome return, of children. It illuminates his three most personal movies (*Close Encounters*, *Polltergeist* and *E.T.*) and affirms his belief in movies as a Mechanized Fountain of Youth. Toward the end of *Temple of Doom*, Indiana leads hundreds of enslaved Indian children out of an underground quarry and into the light. Spielberg means to be another kind of Pied Piper: leading grownups into the darkness of a moviehouse to restore, for a couple of hours at least, the innocence of childhood in all its wonder and terror. The wonder may reach as deep as *E.T.*: the terror may be as slick and exhilarating as *Temple of Doom's* climactic underground tram ride. If Lucas and Spielberg ever do open a Star World, this combo of Disney World's Space Mountain and Big Thunder Mountain Railway rides should be the hottest attraction.

This is brilliance that rides on narrow-gauge tracks. One is tempted to demand of these two spectacularly talented film makers that they raise their sights beyond the Saturday-matinee refreshment stand. Lucas seems happy to produce pictures that affect the heart rate but not the heart; and Spielberg, when working with Lucas, concentrates his nonpareil directorial gifts on energizing each frame, keeping his boss and the customer satisfied. But perhaps the young moguls can brush aside such criticism. They know what sort of edifice they want to build. You don't fault a theme park for not being a cathedral. —By Richard Corliss



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Music



Scene from the Roman production: death, civilization and a radical concatenation of allusions

A Tree Grows and Grows

Robert Wilson's "opera," the CIVIL warS, unfolds brilliantly

The collaboration involves four European countries, Japan and the U.S. Such figures as East German playwright Heiner Müller, Argentine film maker Edgardo Cozarinsky and American Composer Philip Glass are contributing their talents. The plot, if it may be called that, embraces history, from mythological Greece to the distant future, and has as its centerpiece the violent, haunting images of the American Civil War. For the mastermind of it all, Texas-born Robert Wilson, 42, it is the boldest venture yet in an avant-garde theatrical career that has specialized in audacity. It is the *CIVIL warS: a tree is best measured when it is down*, a multimillion-dollar "opera" that, when its segments are finally brought together, will last up to twelve hours.

Since last September, when Act I, Scene B startled Rotterdam, the *CIVIL warS* has been unfolding in impressive national installments. The German module, which comprises parts of the opera's first, third and fourth acts, was unveiled in January to popular acclaim in Cologne. It was followed in March by Act V, with music by Glass, in Rome. Late last month the U.S. made its contribution to Wilson's epic with the premiere in Minneapolis of the *Knee Plays*, crucial connecting episodes tinged with delicate orientalism that link the vast work's 15 scenes. All the sections, including the still unperformed French and Japanese portions, were to be presented next month in Los Angeles at the Olympic Arts Festival. But the funds to stage Wilson's grandiose epic were not raised, and the performance was canceled.

The cancellation is America's loss and a cultural embarrassment in the eyes of the Europeans and Japanese, who had

budgeted money to ship their productions to the U.S. For the *CIVIL warS* is a magnum opus that outdoes in richness and complexity even Wilson's previous essays in theatrical gigantism, such as *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin* (1973) and his best-known work, *Einstein on the Beach* (1976). Spare and elliptical, yet also brilliantly colorful and chillingly perceptive, the *CIVIL warS* is a radical concatenation of allusions whose theme is destruction and death but whose message is the importance of civilization and the value of life. It is all summed up in the title: an ironic juxtaposition of capitalized culture and lower-case belligerence.

"I don't like the theater much," says Wilson, who has been challenging conventional notions of what constitutes the genre for 15 years. "But I love the abstract, fluttering visual patterns of ballet, and I think that is basically what I've done in theater: architectural landscapes that are structured."

Wilson's landscapes are painted with striking images whose very incongruity lends them a poignant power. His predilection for nonverbal, intuitive communication derives in part from his experience of teaching body awareness and movement to brain-damaged children during his undergraduate years at the University of Texas and at Brooklyn's Pratt Institute (where he majored in architecture). The opening scene of his latest work is set in outer space, with two astronauts suspended on huge ladders above what appears

to be Africa: the finale is in the primeval forest, with Hercules singing an *acappella* aria as wild animals snort and trumpet an obbligato in the distance. In between, such characters as Garibaldi, Robert E. Lee, Voltaire, Shakespeare's Duke of Burgundy from *Henry V*, Dorothy and the Tin Woodman, and Mary Todd Lincoln wander through a vast, dreamlike *tableau vivant*. Continents split violently apart, Frederick the Great looms over a model of Berlin while his soldiers are slaughtered in ranks behind him, and a Gay Nineties family, out for a Sunday spin in its merry Oldsmobile, serenely surveys a Civil War encampment. Towering, literally, above them all is Abraham Lincoln, a 16-ft.-tall figure formed by a singer suspended in a harness and wearing a long coat. He is, in the folk adage applied by Carl Sandburg, the tree that is best measured when it is down.

A second element in the Wilsonian aesthetic is a spacious, almost primordial sense of time. The actors move with exaggerated slowness, and the stage pictures flower only gradually; to Wilson, becoming is more important than being. In the German section, an entire scene is devoted to the evolution of a smile across the faces of 20 people. In the fifth "knee play," lines of red, yellow and blue light gradually lengthen on a scrim and then turn into graffiti on the side of a foundered boat. "I just like structured silences, long physical pauses," says Wilson. "They have a sense of natural time, like the time it takes the sun to set or clouds to pass." The disjunctive dialogue, too, adds to the impression. A fragment of Act III goes like this: "The photographer's cars... one hears in mind... do you want some coffee... no... the vicissitudes of colloid applications in the field wet plates..." The words, like the visual images, are meant to evoke, or provoke, a state of mind. Says Wilson: "My goal is to have people listen to the text, not listen for a narrative structure."

No aspect of the *CIVIL warS* is more impressive than its construction. Although the national sections form coherent entities by themselves, with one exception they are not discrete acts. Act III, for example, is composed of bits of the French, Japanese and German segments, and the *Knee Plays* can function either as a two-hour series of stylized entr'actes that develop several of the opera's primary images or as interludes in a larger scheme. Wilson's ability to keep these interrelated fragments straight in his mind resembles Mozart's knack for writing out the parts of a string quartet individually before bothering to make a full score.

Baldly summarized, Wil-



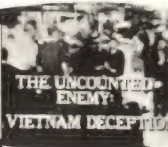
Robert Wilson

son's work can sound arbitrary and pretentious. But far from being a mélange of odds and sods, *the CIVIL war* is a tightly knit, carefully planned work that uses visual, verbal and musical images the way Wagner used leitmotifs: to unify and clarify complex relationships among ideas and to weave of his various strands a single tapestry. The tree of the first "knee play" is transformed into the astronauts' ladder and finally into the oaken Lincoln of the last act. The detritus of war—the toppling bodies of mortally stricken soldiers, the bombed-out city of Cologne—is swept away by the final "knee play" as a new tree grows from the pages of a book. Wilson's dream world is informed by the perspective of the hypnagogic state: the sleep of reason may produce monsters, as Goya thought, but it can also call forth visions.

Although Wilson calls *the CIVIL war* opera, there is little singing in it. The music ranges from the unexpectedly relaxed, New Orleans-style brass band score for *the Knee Plays*, by David Byrne, who is best known as the aggressive lead singer for the progressive rock group Talking Heads, to the sound collages of Germany's Hans Peter Kuhn. At least one section, however, amounts to a full-fledged opera: Glass's Act V, from Rome, Glass, 47, in recent years has become a leading opera composer through such works as *Satyagraha* (1980) and *Akhneten*, which was premiered in Stuttgart in March. Glass describes Act V of *the CIVIL war* as his "romantic" opera. The repetitive rhythms and melodic figurations that are his trademark are still present, but the score is suffused with an Italianate warmth and passion that explicitly recall Verdi in some passages. The most dramatic of these occurs when Garibaldi, who has been sitting in a box placidly viewing the action onstage, suddenly interrupts to deliver an aria about his life that has the fervor of *Di quella pira* from *Il Trovatore*. Whatever the ultimate fate of *the CIVIL war*, Glass has a piece that can stand on its own.

And what is to become of *the CIVIL war*? Its director-designer is practically a cultural expatriate, far better known in the more adventurous European theater world than he is in his own country. "I thought this would be the thing that brought my work back to America," says Wilson, with some bitterness. *The Knee Plays* will tour Europe next fall, and plans are afoot for performances of various other sections in the south of France and in Munich in 1985. The best prospects for the world's first complete production, though, seem to be at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, in October 1985. American audiences, who are accustomed to timid, representational productions of safe repertoire in their theaters and opera houses, could use a taste of the free-wheeling iconography that now dominates in Europe. If it is Wilson's dream to come home, it is the phantasmagorical allegory of *the CIVIL war* that ought to bring him. —By Michael Walsh

Reported by William Blaylock/Paris



Stringer, a scene from the documentary, and, right, Kowet

Press

Smoking Guns, Secret Tapes

A new skirmish in the war between CBS and Westmoreland

Although General William Westmoreland's libel suit against CBS is not scheduled to come to trial until this fall, both sides keep trying to settle the case in the court of public opinion; time and again, each camp has claimed to have found a "smoking gun" that would demonstrate the other's guilt. Last week this war without heroes continued with a new gun pointed at CBS: Westmoreland's lawyers released a damaging interview with CBS News Executive Vice President Howard Stringer that had been secretly taped by former *TV Guide* Reporter Don Kowet.

In the interview, Stringer confides with startling candor his doubts about Producer George Crile, principal reporter for the 1982 documentary, *The Uncounted Enemy: A Vietnam Deception*, that prompted the Westmoreland suit. "We have our own suspicions about George Crile," says Stringer, speaking supposedly off the record shortly after the broadcast. Speculating about whether Crile might have cut corners in his reporting, Stringer remarks, "I should have known I wouldn't get fair journalism off him." As executive producer of the show, Stringer is expected to be a key witness in CBS's defense, but his taped words seem to contradict what he said about Crile in a deposition for the case. Under oath Stringer testified, "I think he's a careful journalist."

Stringer also said in his deposition that he thought Westmoreland "was a good general." Yet when discussing with Kowet possible shortcomings in the CBS reporting procedures, Stringer concedes, "I must say I don't feel desperately sorry, and this is an awful thing to say, because I think Westmoreland should have been fired years ago." Said Westmoreland's attorney Dan Burt last week: "The tapes show that Howard Stringer didn't believe the show was accurate, and that he didn't care because he wanted to hook Westmoreland." CBS Lawyer David Boies dis-

agreed, arguing that the quotes from Stringer were taken out of context. Indeed, in the deposition, Stringer added that after working on the show he felt that "General Westmoreland was not as good as I had believed."

Kowet conducted his interview in connection with a 1982 *TV Guide* piece that labeled the CBS documentary "a smear." After an internal investigation the network concluded that the substance of the program was accurate but that some of the magazine's criticisms about the methods used in producing it were valid. Kowet subsequently seemed to shift from being a reporter to acting as an advocate for Westmoreland. This month he published a scathing book about the program, *A Matter of Honor*, portions of which are poorly documented at best.

Kowet taped the conversation with Stringer without his knowledge. That practice, while not illegal in New York State, is a clear breach of journalistic ethics and is barred by most responsible news organizations. (Similar behavior by Crile was cited by CBS as a reason for suspending him last June.) In addition, Kowet turned over the Stringer tape, and 36 others, to Westmoreland's attorneys. Kowet argues that the material had been subpoenaed by the general's lawyers, and adds that he did not resist the demand because "I am not going to spend one red cent in defense of CBS."

But journalists have long fought, usually successfully, to prevent their background materials from being taken for use as evidence in court trials because such involvement seriously impinges on the ability to gather news. Nor would Kowet have needed to spend his own money fighting the subpoenas: when he left *TV Guide*, his tapes and notes became the property of the magazine, which later refused a Westmoreland subpoena for them. —By Janice Castro, Reported by Marcia Gauger/New York

Books

Gone with the Winds of War

LINCOLN by Gore Vidal; Random House; 672 pages; \$19.95

In an essay written in 1973, Author Gore Vidal sulkily surveyed the ten novels then reclining on the New York Times bestseller list. Some of these smash hits were forgettable even then, but Vidal's remarks about them were sensible and funny enough to survive. He looked askance at the woman who had given her account of the courtship of Joseph and the Virgin Mary: "It is difficult to know what, if anything, she had in mind when she decided to tell the Age-Old Story with nothing new to add." He deplored Trevelyan's habit, in *The Eiger Sanction*, of hauling such celebrities as the Burtons and Jackie Onassis into the action: "There is nothing wrong with this if you have a point to make about them. But he has nothing to say." Vidal twitted Frederick Forsyth for piling facts into "freight-car sentences." He was kinder to Herman Wouk and *The Winds of War*, praising the historical research, quoting a description of F.D.R. and announcing: "This is not at all bad, except as prose."

Somewhere along the way, Vidal seems to have grown weary of his lonely stand against the barbarians. The more he castigated them, the more they praised and purchased his witty and iconoclastic novels. *Myra Breckinridge* (1968) was supposed to be a poke in the eye to smug notions of sexual identity; it became a bestseller instead. *Julian* (1964) and *Burr* (1973) insisted that true heroes of history are villains in the dull popular imagination: millions of people, including dullards, relished this insight. By this time, success dogged Vidal at every turn. If you cannot offend your enemies, why not take it easy and join them? So, here comes *Lincoln*, a massive package bearing every wretched excess that Vidal so justifiably scorned eleven years ago.

The story of Lincoln's presidency is not Age Old but hoary enough to call for some originality in its retelling. Vidal's contribution is to show his hero through the eyes of three associates: Private Secretary John Hay, Treasury Secretary Salmon P. Chase and Secretary of State William H. Seward. The two Cabinet members spend much time squabbling; Hay frequents a Washington brothel. All three observers are, unfortunately, tongue-tied when it comes to reporting on Honest Abe: "As usual, Hay wondered what the President was thinking; as usual, he did not have the slightest clue... How, Seward wondered, not for the first time, did this man's mind work?... Curious, thought Chase, how little anyone really knew about this new President."

Stuck with a bearded enigma at the center of his tale, Vidal packs the edges with peripheral figures. Nearly everyone who was anyone during the 1860s, from Henry Adams to Walt Whitman, is given a walk-on role. This process extends to some 19th century notables already deceased. Vidal manages to insert the information that Francis Blair, an aged visitor to the Lincoln White House, knew Andrew Jackson.

The compulsion to drop facts overrides stylistic standards that Vidal once championed. He introduces Seward in a "freight-car sentence" far more overburdened than any of Forsyth's: "Once red-haired, now white-haired, large-nosed, pale-eyed longtime master of the state of New York not to mention of the youthful Republican Party, as well as President-that-might-have-been had Lincoln's managers not outmaneuvered his managers at the Chicago Convention, William H. Seward was seven years older than his rival the new President, whose hand he now shook, saying in a husky voice, richly

Excerpt

Mary looked at Lincoln; and wondered what it was that sustained him. She had watched, day by day, as the war whittled him away. He seldom ate or slept or, worst of all, laughed. Then she looked back at the map. "This town is significant because of all these roads, isn't it?"

Stanlow looked surprised. He came close to the map and studied it carefully with his small watery eyes. "Well, there are a lot of roads, yes."

"But look," said Mary, suddenly interested. This sort of detail always fascinated her: it was like working closely with a good dressmaker and a complicated pattern. "Note," she said, "the main road here to Baltimore and the one here to Philadelphia; and this one to Harrisburg. Why, this town is at the very center of everything in Pennsylvania."

"You know, Mother, you may be right," Lincoln also peered at the map. "I can't say that any of us here at the highest command post of all ever noticed anything much except a dot called Gettysburg."



ILLUSTRATION BY THE NEW YORKER, C. WITTE

Books

seasoned by a lifetime's addiction to cigar smoke and snuff. "You're every bit as tall as I'd thought you'd be, Mr. Lincoln." Characters do not speak to one another but address the historical record. General Irvin McDowell, giving Chase and his daughter a tour of the Army of the Potomac's encampment, is forced to remark, "Do you realize, Miss Chase, that I am the first American officer ever to command, in the field, an army of 30,000?"

All this would be tolerable, barely, if Vidal had captured a consistent sense of the imagined past. Instead, he offers the never-never land of convenient clichés. Here is a world where statesmen say, "We've not heard the end of this," where people turn "scarlet with anger," where the price of gold goes "sky-high," and where the unsuspecting outsider "little knew what fate had in store for him." Here is the high drama to be found exclusively in ersatz fiction: when Lincoln drums his fingers on a table, the sound is like "the cracking of a whip." Shocking news provokes commensurate reactions: "The pince-nez fell from his nose onto the table, a lens cracked."

Perhaps Vidal is simply trying to hasten the total collapse of all U.S. literary standards, an event he has been gleefully announcing for several decades. Maybe he is staging a subtle practical joke, waiting to see how many innocents buy *Lincoln* and then denouncing them for their poor taste. Worst of all, he might expect this work to be taken seriously. What can be said with certainty is that *Lincoln*, unlike *The Winds of War*, is just about all bad, including the prose. —By Paul Gray

?????

RIDDLES ANCIENT AND MODERN
by Mark Bryant
Peter Bedrick, 207 pages; \$15.95

"**W**hen one does not know what it is, then it is something; but when one knows what it is, then it is nothing." What is it? Answer: *A riddle*.

These somethings that become nothing are the focus of a sparkling, if obsessive, study by British Freelance Writer Mark Bryant. "It may come as some surprise to those who have only encountered riddles in the guise of jokes," he notes defensively, "that this skittish footnote to the austere chronicles of our folk-culture heritage has itself an ancient and learned history." As proof, he ventures back to Babylonia to unearth an early example: "Who becomes pregnant without conceiving? Who becomes fat without eating?" Answer: *Clouds*. In ancient Greece, Oedipus solves the riddle of the Sphinx: "What is it that goes on four legs in the morning, two legs at noon and three legs in the evening?" Answer: *Man*. (First he appears as a crawling baby, then upright in maturity, then in old age with a cane.) The Old Testament yields some difficult puzzles and

praises those who solve them, like the prophet Daniel: "A notable spirit, with the gift of interpreting dreams, explaining riddles and unbinding spells."

The folklore and literature of nearly every tribe and climate are riddled with riddles. Enigmas abounded in ancient Rome, in Sanskrit hymns and the sagas of the Norse. Galileo composed some, so did Shakespeare and Cervantes. In the last century, Jane Austen, Edgar Allan Poe and Lewis Carroll experimented with trick questions, in this century, J.R.R. Tolkien in *The Hobbit* offered a few original puzzles: "A box without hinges, key or lid. Yet golden treasure inside is hid." Answer: *An egg*. The sport trickled down to Gotham City, home of Batman and Robin, in a recent comic-book adventure, the



Moréau's Oedipus and the Sphinx
A skittish footnote to ancient history.

Riddler leaves a clue to the locale of his next crime: "When is a horse most like a stamp collection?" Answer: *When it's a hobby horse* (a reference to Hobby Airport in Houston).

Bryant argues that we have long since passed the golden age of conundrums, when there were riddling magazines and contests that intrigued kings and poets. Today such puzzles are usually confined to children's books and Sunday supplements, a situation that leads the disgruntled anthologist to pose a question of his own: "Is riddling something only relevant to cultures at the so-called 'mythological' stage of thought or has all the fun gone out of the Western world?" Answer: *No*. For proof, see *Riddles Ancient and Modern*, an engaging festival of some 700 posers, ranging from Homer ("What we caught we threw away, what we didn't catch we kept") to Jean Jacques Rousseau ("The truer I am, the more false I appear, and I become too young as age creeps on") to everyone's favorite author, Anonymous ("What turns without moving?" "What goes out but never comes back?" "What is it that you will break even if you name it?"). Answers: *Lice; a portrait; milk; breath; silence*. —By Stefan Kanfer

Medium Cool

SUMMER IN THE CITY

by Mark Stevens

Random House; 360 pages; \$16.95

The legion of up-and-coming baby boomers have needed a voice. As observers have noted, the Yuppies grind their own coffee beans, sip Chablis, dress for success and book passage on the inside track. But what goes on behind their apartment doors? First Novelist Mark Stevens knows, and he cannily details their secret titillations and minor tragedies through the adventures of three characters in search of a life-style.

One quest is for coolness. After a year of cultural and emotional R, and R, in Montana, former Magazine Writer Kelly Martin returns to the heat of a New York City summer resolved to find happiness by achieving a perfect balance between being "loving and acid-smart." Instead, she meets the laconic Jennings, whose last name is never mentioned, and returns to her favorite indoor sport: power tripping.

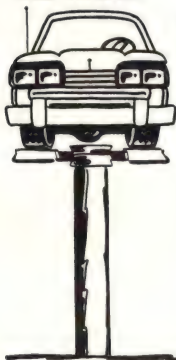
Jennings, a top TV technician, is the complete Yuppie ("clever, ironic, knowing, casual"), who views life as a videotape that needs editing; his boss, Talk-Show Host Billy Bell, sees it as a sequel to success. Bell has a few upscale plans of his own, among them bedding Kelly and beginning a political career. Only one problem nags: he does not know what politicians actually do. "They announced and attacked," writes Stevens. "He knew he would excel at that. But the rest?"

This busy (but nonsexual) triangle is in trouble from the start. For one thing, their schedules permit very little intimacy. For another, their inner urges find expression only in public places. Status, not love, is their true goal. Jennings wears designer fashions but cuts out the labels to avoid seeming affected. Billy dines at Mama's, a celebrity watering hole where "they serve you your importance." And Kelly acquires the right stuff at Prendergast's ("Prendie's"), a Bloomingdale's-like store whose underwear department, Private Parts, is off-limits to men.

All three haunt another emporium, the Cat's Paw. In this posh pornography boutique on Manhattan's Upper East Side, the dirty magazines and sexual implements are tastefully displayed. There Kelly makes her re-entry into journalism by interviewing a peep-show dancer who is addicted to fan magazines. Billy, in a Scotch-fueled search for campaign issues, settles arbitrarily on pornography. In an alcoholic blackout, he destroys mirrors and private movie booths with a chain. Amid the shambles, Jennings advises him to tell the authorities. "You did it on purpose."

The action exhausts them all, and in the end love proves to be beyond their un-

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Mark Stevens

A life-style of crudités and quiche.

Understanding. In her embalmed-looking living room, Kelly reflects, "One is left, if one wishes, with nuance. That was if one ... could find a nuance worth noting, in what was always the same game. The repetition! ... the exchange of stories, aren't we interesting?, the nodding, let's agree to disagree!, bed. The same old record with the needle stuck."

Summer in the City is a novel of nouns, not verbs. On the way to a gloomily fitting finale, Stevens, art critic at *Newsweek*, decorates his book with wry, wan observations. Trendy SoHo lofts, he says, must contain "something ugly in an interesting way." And he memorializes a public diary reading by noting that "two spotlights were aimed at a solitary stool, and the little stage smelled of sneakers."

The most notable flaw of *Summer in the City* is that of the "imitative fallacy": the novel is as neutral and uncommitted as its cast. The author has neither distanced himself sufficiently for satire nor empathized enough to make the reader care for the characters. Stevens exhibits more than enough wit for two first novels. But after 18 chapters of *crudités* and *quiche*, one longs for some meat and potatoes.

—By J.D. Reed

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Aquitaine Progression, *Ludlum* (1 last week)
2. The Haj, *Uris* (2)
3. Heretics of Dune, *Herbert* (3)
4. The Butter Battle Book, *Seuss* (4)
5. Warday, *Sirreber and Kineka* (5)
6. Pet Sematary, *King* (6)
7. Descent from Kanadu, *Robbins* (7)
8. Fling, *Beck and Massman*
9. Smart Women, *Blume* (9)
10. The Danger, *Francis* (8)

NONFICTION

1. Eat to Win, *Haas* (1)
2. Motherhood, *Bombbeck* (2)
3. Nothing Down, *Allen* (4)
4. Tough Times Never Last, but Tough People Do!, *Schuller* (3)
5. Past Imperfect, *Collins* (5)
6. First Lady from Plains, *Carter*
7. Balls, *Nettles and Golenbock* (6)
8. More from Your Wok, *Better Homes and Gardens* (9)
9. Caveat, *Haig*
10. Putting the One Minute Manager to Work, *Blanchard and Lorber* (10)

Compiled by TIME from more than 1,000 participating bookstores.

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Space

Dodging Celestial Garbage

Right now, there are 3,800 pieces of junk circling the earth

To the minstrels of medieval Europe, the moon was a kind of celestial junkyard. They consigned to lunar banishment a dolorous assortment of such earthly intangibles as broken vows, fruitless tears and misspent time. Today the moon is a repository of more substantial material: it harbors a pile of gear, left behind by Apollo astronauts, that includes one moon buggy, \$5 million worth of camera equipment and two golf balls that Alan Shepard whacked with a makeshift six iron to unplayable lies in a boulder-strewn valley. Still, this lunar refuse

age, food containers and spent oxygen cylinders overboard. On rare occasions, space walkers have accidentally dropped objects in space. Astronaut Ed White lost a shiny white glove during the Gemini 4 flight in 1965. George ("Pinky") Nelson fumbled away two tiny screws while repairing the Solar Maximum Mission satellite during the shuttle flight last month.

Objects in low earth orbit circle freely until the slow wear of molecular friction and the force of gravity cause them to re-enter the earth's atmosphere at a blazing 18,000 m.p.h. and subsequently burn up.



is paltry by comparison with all of the man-made debris now sailing noiselessly through the cosmos.

The North American Aerospace Defense Command (NORAD), which is responsible for providing early warning against aerial attacks, estimates that some 3,800 pieces of junk are currently circling the earth. Total weight of this space-age garbage: six tons. Two-thirds of the nuts, bolts, oxygen cylinders, broken solar panels, dead satellites, spent rocket boosters and other litter is in geosynchronous orbit 22,300 miles from the earth's surface, where it will remain indefinitely. One-third of the circling scrap is in low earth orbit, only 120 to 300 miles overhead.

Most of the space garbage consists of nonfunctioning satellites and space probes launched from earth. There is also fragmentary junk, resulting from mid-space collisions between spacecraft and meteorites. Astronauts have dumped sew-

That was the fate of the first man-made satellite, the 184-lb. Soviet Sputnik 1, which incinerated in the heat of re-entry three months after its historic launching on Oct. 4, 1957.

Since then 9,695 man-made objects have fallen from orbit, but the number that survived the atmospheric plunge to hit the earth is unknown. Shards have landed on more than a dozen nations, including Zambia, Finland and Nepal. As early as 1961, Premier Fidel Castro indignantly charged that a re-entering chunk of a U.S. spacecraft had struck and killed a Cuban cow. A year later, a 21-lb. metal cylinder landed at the intersection of North 8th and Park streets in Manitowoc, Wis. The debris was later identified by the U.S. Air Force as a fragment of Soviet Sputnik 4, launched two years earlier. It was the first certified piece of space litter to hit the U.S. In 1963 a charred metal sphere with a 15-in. diameter turned up on a sheep ranch in New South Wales. It was part of a Soviet space vehicle, but the U.S.S.R. never claimed it.

The probability of space rubble hitting a person is so small that Lloyds of

London considers the odds impossible to calculate. Nevertheless, in 1969 a Japanese freighter in the Sea of Japan was struck by wreckage from a Soviet spacecraft. There were reports from Tokyo that five crewmen were seriously injured. They remain the first and only victims of debris from space.

Perhaps the two most celebrated space-trash incidents took place within the past decade. In 1978 Cosmos 954, a five-ton, nuclear-powered Soviet ocean-surveillance satellite, lost altitude; its remains were scattered over hundreds of square miles of sub-Arctic Canada. The following year, NASA's 77½-ton Skylab broadcast a trail of wreckage across the Indian Ocean and Australian outback. There had been plenty of advance warning that both craft were in trouble, although scientists could not accurately predict where the debris would land.

More serious than the danger to earth is the threat that space debris poses for satellites and other extraterrestrial conveyances. Shuttle 10 returned to earth last February with a pea-size pit in its windshield. NASA has reserved judgment on the cause, but the dent is probably the result of a micrometeorite strike or a fragment of titanium, beryllium or other space-age material striking the craft.

Orbital space has become so crowded in recent years that launched objects frequently pass within 30 miles of one another. NASA intentionally sent off the most recent shuttle at the earliest possible opportunity in April to make sure that the orbiter would fly no closer than 130 miles to Soviet space station Salyut 7. Said a Kennedy Space Center launch technician: "We have had a kind of unwritten agreement with the Soviets to keep our launch vehicles at least 200 kilometers away from their birds."

Despite measures taken to prevent accidents, two U.S. satellites collided in 1965, scattering a cloud of debris in their wake. Evidence suggests that in 1981 Cosmos 1275, a Soviet navigation satellite, was blown into 135 fragments by an errant piece of space debris. In 1975 a metallic U.S. communications balloon deflated after colliding with a junk fragment.

The success of last month's Solar Max satellite repair mission provided a potential solution to some of the orbital traffic headaches. NASA has suggested that on future missions space-walking astronauts may be able to collect some of the space junk with grapples, rope it in line like freight cars, attach the tethers to rockets and propel the material either into the earth's oceans or to special garbage dumps in space. One possible site: the moon. "Who knows?" says one NASA official. "A junkyard out there could be a good place for us to find spare parts one day."

—By Jamie Murphy
Reported by Jerry Hamelin/Washington

*Even that count is incomplete, since NORAD did not include objects that have escaped the earth's gravitational clutches, such as the abandoned Viking lander on Mars or Pioneer 10, which last June flew beyond the outermost planet of the solar system.

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Milestones

BORN. To **Adrienne Barbeau**, 38, actress who was *Mauve's* start-tongued daughter on TV for six years and is now a horror-movie queen (*Creepshow*), and **John Carpenter**, 36, fright-full film director (*Christine*) who has cast her in leading roles in his thriller-chillers *The Fog* and *Escape from New York*: their first child, a boy; in Los Angeles. Name: John Cody. Weight: 6 lbs. 4 oz.

RESIGNED. **Anthony J. Alvarado**, 41, innovative chancellor for a year of the New York City school system; four days before an administrative hearing into his fitness; in New York City. Alvarado was suspended in March after a preliminary report accused him of demonstrating "a disturbing disregard for many rules governing professional and personal conduct," including accepting \$63,000 in loans, many from subordinates who then earned large amounts of overtime pay. He still faces three criminal investigations into his tangled financial affairs.

DIED. **William Egan**, 69, Alaska's first elected Governor and son of a gold miner, who led the drive to statehood for his vast, thinly populated territory; of cancer; in Anchorage. To push the cause, he organized and presided over a convention in 1955-56 to write a constitution and elect Senators and a Representative as if the territory were already a state; named a "Senator," he went to Washington to lobby for the statehood bill that finally passed in June 1958. Elected to three gubernatorial terms (1958, 1962, 1970), he dominated the state Democratic Party for more than 20 years.

DIED. **Lila Acheson Wallace**, 94, ebullient, strong-minded co-founder and -owner of *Reader's Digest*, with her late husband DeWitt Wallace, and one of America's greatest philanthropists; in Mount Kisco, N.Y. The couple met in 1920 when he was struggling to start his new venture, and she began married life stuffing solicitation envelopes in a Greenwich Village basement. As the *Digest* quickly prospered, she kept her editorial influence largely indirect. But it was she who took the lead in the childless Wallaces' vast (more than \$60 million over 30 years) charitable efforts. Personally overseeing many of the projects that she funded, Wallace had a special interest in gifts that continued her two passions: art and gardening. The millions she donated to New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art created the newly expanded Egyptian galleries, which are named for her, and provided in perpetuity for fresh flowers in the Great Hall. She also contributed heavily to the restoration of Monet's magnificent gardens at Giverny, to the renovation of Boscobel, an early 19th century Federal mansion not far from her home in suburban New York, and to the massive efforts to save the ancient Egyptian temples at Abu Simbel. Meticulously organized and attentive even to small details, she believed, "Beauty is medicine."



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Rossetti's Titianesque ideal of Venetian beauty in *Morona Varma*, 1866; Brown's novelistic social details in *The Last of England*, 1852-55

Art

God Was in the Details

A London show reveals the triumph of the Pre-Raphaelites

The big spring exhibition at London's Tate Gallery, "The Pre-Raphaelites," has been a roaring popular success. In attendance it has been surpassed at the Tate only by exhibitions of John Constable and Salvador Dalí—fittingly, since it rivals the intense Englishness of the former while competing with the fulsome, more-than-photographic detail of the latter. The time is long past when hard-core modernists, secure in their belief that nearly everything England produced between the death of Turner and the arrival of Roger Fry was either hopelessly sentimental or irredeemably quaint, assigned the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood to the dustbin of history. Presumably it will not be long before some canvas by William Holman Hunt or John Everett Millais, the kind one might have got 30 years ago for £500, becomes the first Pre-Raphaelite picture to fetch a million in the auction room.

Yet Pre-Raphaelitism never quite went away. It acquired an armor-plated niche in the English imagination. Its present triumph, symbolized by the Tate show, has nothing to do with dubious cultural clichés like "postmodernist irony." There is no irony in Pre-Raphaelitism. Everything there, from the pale, swooning damozels down to the last grass stem,

is the product of unutterable sincerity. Those painters would rather have died of lockjaw than paint anything that was not direct, heartfelt and didactic.

The group was small, a secret society of seven artists, led by three men—Hunt, Millais and Dante Gabriel Rossetti—and followed, eventually, by a small trail of satellite painters. And it was self-consciously "revolutionary": the year was 1848, and a secret society of dangerous young subversives had become one of the special phantoms of the English mind. The P.R.B. wanted to reform English art, to drag it from the swamp of maudlin genre and low-grade history painting. They believed, with the ardent simplicity of young minds, that this decay had set in three centuries before, with Raphael. Hence they wanted to go back before Raphael, appealing to a moment in history—the Middle Ages on the cusp, as it were, of the Renaissance—when art seemed not to be entangled in false ideals and academic systems. Their bywords were purge, simplify, archaize. Like all true cultural revolutionaries, they were conservatives at heart, and they were lucky in having as their megaphone and mentor the greatest art critic ever to use the English language: John Ruskin.

They needed whatever friends they

had. The gnomic initials P.R.B., appended without explanation to their signatures in the 1850s, had the combined effect on many critics of a red flag and a leper's bell. "Monstrously perverse," was a typical comment. "Plainly revolting," was another. Charles Dickens, no less, saw "a hideous, wry-necked, blubbering, red-haired boy in a nightgown, who appears to have received a poke . . . and to be holding it up for the contemplation of a kneeling woman, so horrible in her ugliness, that she would stand out from the rest of the company as a monster." The painting in question was Millais's *Christ in the Carpenter's Shop*, 1849-50, whose image—little Jesus hurting his hand on a nail, in prefiguration of Golgotha—might strike a modern eye as lavishly sentimental and winsome, but was overrealistic to Dickens.

Creators of their time, the Pre-Raphaelites venerated those twin totems of Victorian thought: science and religion. Their objections to the popular English art of their time rested, in fact, on both. They were permeated with the belief that nature was the fingerprint of its creator and that studying it was the best way to acquaint oneself with his designs. Ruskin had inveighed against the "unhappy prettiness and sameness" of established English painting, "which cannot but be revolting to any man who has his eyes, even for a measure, open to the divinity of the immortal seal on the common features that he meets in the highways and hedges hourly and momentarily." He summed up his idea of

landscape painting as "rejecting nothing, selecting nothing and scorning nothing."

God was in the details: in the petals of a cornflower or the veins of an elecampane leaf, in the grain of stone or the purling of a brook. That is why the details of Pre-Raphaelite landscape, ostensibly the fruit of candid observation, take on such a hortatory, didactic air. One knows, looking at Millais's portrait of *Ruskin* in his sober frock coat on the rocky verge of a Scots cascade, that every wrinkle of the gray gneissic crag he stands on is meant to speak of the geological span of the creation and to imply a sense of time at the opposite extreme to the rapid movement of the water, so that the life of man is presented as a kind of middle term between the geologically permanent and the merely transient.

The habit of medieval thought had been to explain the world of animals and plants as images of the virtues, the vices, of God's nature and the events of the Bible. Nature presented itself as a web of moral symbols, and the Pre-Raphaelites tried strenuously to revive this cast of mind. Every detail tells a story and wants to be decoded. It can be quite a tiring business "reading" a full-scale Pre-Raphaelite allegory, like Hunt's *The Hireling Shepherd*, 1851-52. This sunny, pastoral scene of two rustics flirting was actually a warning against the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic Church in England. The girl in the red skirt refers to the scarlet woman of Rome; the lamb in her lap is about to sicken from the green apple of false knowledge it has bitten; the sheep, wandering unattended into the corn, are the strayed flock of the Anglican clergy, and so on.

This novelistic way of cramming a painting with narrative was not unusual with the Pre-Raphaelites, even when they had no religious intent. Ford Madox Brown's *The Last of England*, 1852-55—young middle-class emigrants to the Australian gold fields, sunk in melancholy as the white cliffs of their homeland recede—contains, as it were, paragraph on paragraph about Victorian class and diet. Though modern eyes are more likely to fasten on the peculiar, almost surreal shape of the wife's pink hat ribbon whipping in the channel gale, Victorian ones were ravenous for those social details around the picture's rim.

The painters went to extremes of trouble in their pursuit of accuracy. Millais, having found a suitable country stream as the setting for his *Ophelia*, 1851-52, complained that swans kept gobbling the water weeds as he painted them, his model for the drowned Shakespearean maiden, Elizabeth Siddal, had to spend session after session floating in a tub of water until she nearly caught her death of cold and was rescued by her irate father, threatening writs.

This process of observing more intently entailed finding a new kind of pictorial "look," very high and fresh, quite unlike the system of *chiaroscuro* taught in the academies. Generally, English artists had painted on dark canvas, bringing up high-

lights with opaque white. Millais and Hunt developed a fanatically elaborate technique of painting with transparent colors on a wet white ground, laid inch by inch, like fresco. It was meant to reproduce the dazzle of direct sunlight. Like the methods of the impressionists a quarter-century later, it was a technical fiction, and it is startling to see how the same purpose—to convey the optical freshness of nature while working out of doors—could have produced two such different systems.

Not all Pre-Raphaelite painting, however, was about that kind of realism. The late work of Rossetti, when he was able to shake off his fileted literary pieties and stop doing his filleted literary homages to Dante and Boccaccio, disclosed his intrinsic sensuality in an extraordinary series of rosy, Titianesque portraits of his cockney mistress Fanny Cornforth and his model Alexa Wilding. The sumptuous Wilding

was Rossetti's "Venetian ideal of female beauty," and in *Monna Vanna*, 1866, he framed her passionate face in a lush swirl of gold-and-white sleeve, coral necklace, feathery fan and flowing hair. Nor could anybody call Edward Burne-Jones' strange, gray, airless and Michelangelesque figure compositions "realist." After 1860 this symbolist phase of Pre-Raphaelite art was busy preparing the ground for William Morris and the arts and crafts movement, for art nouveau and thus, to some limited extent, for modernism itself. The fact is that nothing, not even the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, is as isolated as its critics once believed. And in our time—haunted, like theirs, by thoughts of historical revival—the Pre-Raphaelites have much to reveal not only about the possibilities of refracting the past into the present, but also about the limits of nostalgia.

—By Robert Hughes



Decoding symbols: Millais's *Ophelia*, 1851-52, and, below, Hunt's *The Hireling Shepherd*, 1851-52



Video

To Be Continued Next Fall

Plot mysteries in the season's finales keep viewers dangling

This month's developments have already been excruciating. Sam and Diane, the stormy leading couple of *Cheers*, split up on the sitcom's concluding episode of the season. Webster's uncle (Ben Vereen) suddenly reappeared on that show's finale, setting up a custody battle for the fall. On *Dynasty*'s season ender, the jailhouse door clanged shut on sultry, scheming Alexis (Joan Collins), who is charged (gasp!) with murder, while a car driven by a delirious Fallon Colby (Pamela Sue Martin) on her wedding day careered out of control, heading (gulp!) straight for a truck.

More is to come. *Hill Street Blues* will ring down its curtain this week with Frank and Joyce (Daniel J. Travanti and Veronica Hamel) heading closer to a permanent split as she leaves for Paris; a character on *St. Elsewhere* with liver cancer will take a turn for the worse; and Officer Chris Cagney (Sharon Gless) will believe she is pregnant as *Cagney & Lacey* departs for its summer vacation. *Dallas*' season finale is still a deep secret, but hints are that the enemies of J.R. Ewing (Larry Hagman) may have something ominous in store for the dastardly oilman. Most spectacular of all will be the finish of *Falcon Crest*'s third season this Friday. Much of the cast will board a private plane for Italy to bury the ashes of Julia, the demented daughter of Wine Magnate Angela Channing (Jane Wyman). En route the plane will crash in a remote mountain area, leaving the survival of all but two of the show's regular characters in doubt.

The reason for this spate of dangling story lines is hardly a mystery. As fictional characters from Little Nell to Flash Gordon have proved, nothing keeps audience interest perking like an unresolved predicament, followed by the tantalizing line "... to be continued." TV's cliffhanger mania began four years ago, when J.R. was gunned down by a mysterious assailant on the final episode of *Dallas*' 1979-80 season. After a summer of suspense, the "Who Shot J.R.?" mystery was solved (it was his sister-in-law Kristin) in a segment that drew the largest audience of any TV program in history (88.6 million, a figure that was surpassed last year when the farewell episode of *M*A*S*H* drew approximately 125 million). Though the novelty has worn off since then, a good cliffhanger almost certainly means a double boost in the ratings:

for the season's final episode and the denouement in the fall. And that can be just what the script doctor ordered for a show (like *Cheers*) that has had its ratings up and down.

There is nearly as much intrigue behind the camera as in front of it, as producers go to elaborate lengths to keep their last-minute surprises a secret. *Dallas*, for example, filmed four different endings for this week's season finale; not even the actors know which one will be telecast and which are decoys. Scripts are



tightly guarded and writers frequently destroy their notes from story conferences to prevent leaks. Reporters from the national tabloids have been known to pay up to \$50,000 for a mole to give them advance details on a cliffhanger.

"Last season it seemed that I spent more time figuring out how to protect the script than I did working on the story," says *Dynasty* Executive Producer Esther Shapiro. "There were people out in the alley going through my garbage." "These things are really trade secrets," adds Earl Hamner, executive producer of *Falcon Crest*. "If a person can get the formula, it is valuable."

Producers insist that these cliffhangers—which are usually determined a year in advance, in a "bible" that lays out plot

developments for the coming season—are more than just cynical contrivances. "It's good storytelling, and the best manner to hook an audience into wanting to come back," says Phillip Caprice, the executive producer of *Dallas*. Connoisseurs of the genre still point to "Who Shot J.R.?" as a model for the well-crafted cliffhanger: an authentic mystery, springing plausibly from the show's characters and resolved without gimmicks. Succeeding ones have been less inspired. On the last episode of *Dynasty*'s 1981-82 season, for instance, Blake Carrington (John Forsythe) fell from his horse and lay unconscious at the edge of a cliff. Viewers had to wait a whole summer for the foregone conclusion: he woke up, struggled back to the road and got rescued.

The newest vogue in cliffhangers is the open-ended disaster. Both *Dynasty* and *Dallas* left major characters trapped in burning buildings at the end of last season. Such free-for-all give producers an easy way to write out any actor who has outlived his usefulness, especially one who becomes intractable in off-season contract negotiations. "Cliffhangers are really only a device to combat the agents," claims Mel Ferrer, one of the passengers aboard the ill-fated *Falcon Crest* flight. (Make-believe tickets handed out to the actors for this week's episode contained a line written in as a joke by the crew: "You fly, you die.")

The charge is vehemently denied by producers, who point out that the resolutions of their cliffhangers have already been decided. "We don't do a cliffhanger just to hold it over everybody's head," says *Dynasty*'s Shapiro. "We don't get our kicks doing that to other human beings." Says *Hill Street Blues* Producer Jeffrey Lewis: "The people who create story lines do not write contracts. We don't use this as a threat."

Still, savvy readers of the gossip columns can usually dope out a cliffhanger's outcome well before the fall season gets under way. *Falcon Crest* insiders, for instance, say that sure bets to return next fall are Wyman, Lorenzo Lamas (Lance) and Susan Sullivan (whose character, Maggie Gioberti, has already lived through serious brain surgery this season). But what about Ferrer, who plays Wyman's new husband, Phillip Erikson? "I think Jane feels she looks good in black," the veteran actor says gloomily. "My guess is that it will be widow's weeds this time next fall." Quick, Phillip... the emergency exit!

—By Richard Zoglin. Reported by Melissa Luttich/Los Angeles

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